

# The TATLER

Vol. CLXXXI. No. 2357

and **BYSTANDER**

London  
August 28, 1946



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# THE TATLER

and BYSTANDER

LONDON

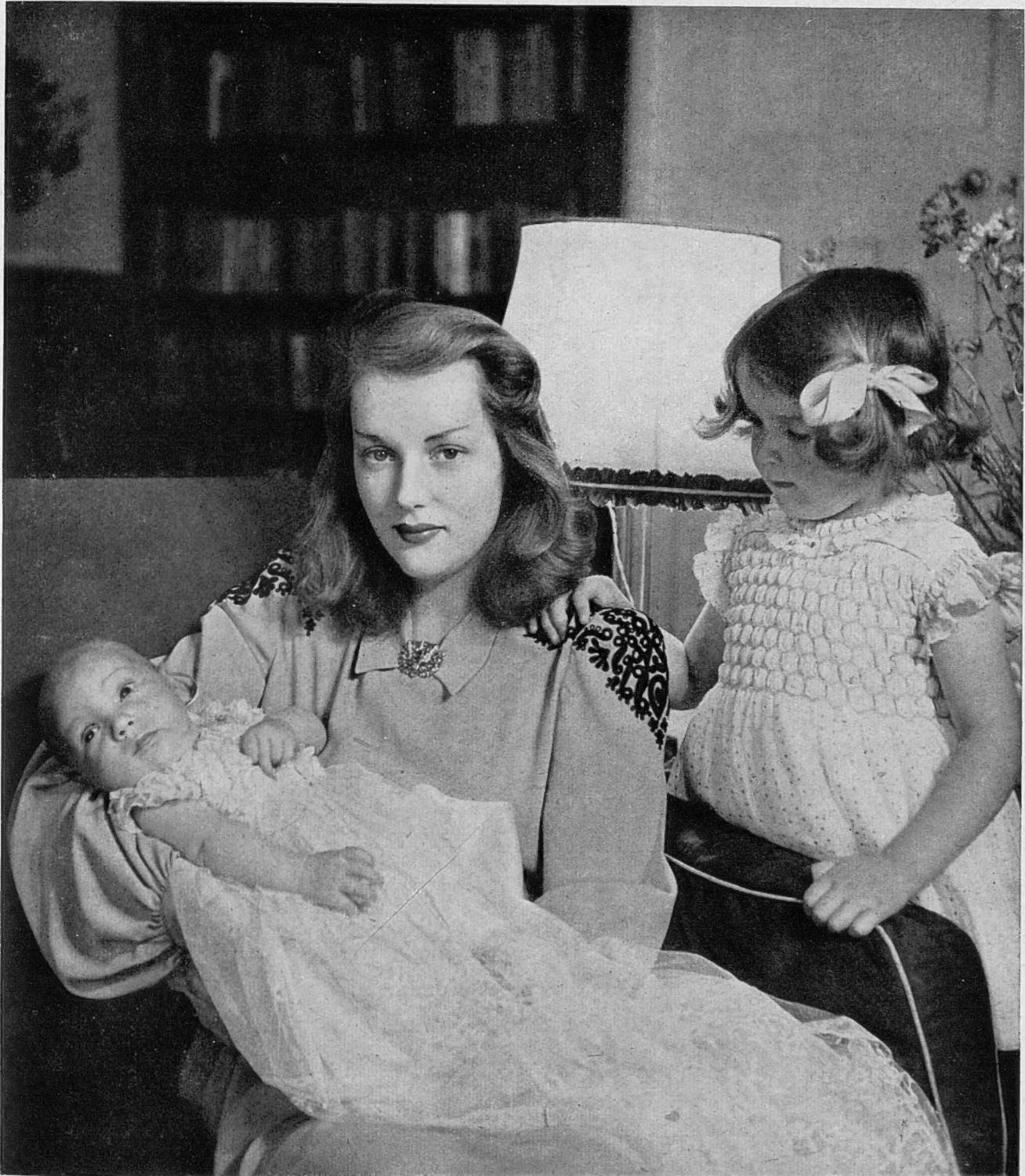
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Swaebe

## Viscountess Errington and Her Two Children

Viscountess Errington is the wife of the Earl of Cromer's son and heir. She is the younger daughter of Viscount Rothermere and was the Hon. Esmé Harmsworth before her marriage in 1942. Her husband, who served in the war with the Grenadier Guards, was promoted Major in 1942, and was awarded the M.B.E. last year. Before the war he accompanied the Marquess of Willingdon as his Private Secretary on official visits to South America, and again in 1940 to New Zealand and Australia. Lord and Lady Errington's two children are the Hon. Lana Baring and the Hon. Evelyn Rowland Esmond Baring, who was born in June this year.





# PORTRAITS IN PRINT



SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH

**T**HOUGH princely September mornings no doubt still lie ahead, our fleeting English summer has, I suppose, finally left us. True, if towards midday I penetrate the high pink wall into the garden, I still have a bogus sense of the year being more or less at its meridian: a profusion of roses and sweet peas, strong voluptuous water-lilies still throng the pond—picking some of them the other day I fell into six feet of water, with two feet of what must be very valuable mud below—and the pears are yet green enough to discourage even the cast-iron appetites of my children. But if one is a bad sleeper, and wakes with the first important light, you know the summer is over. The air is clear with the dreadful clarity of approaching middle-age. You could touch the church steeple, a quarter of a mile away, and you can see only too clearly where it was “improved” about 1870. As I write, we are in the intermediate clarity between the period of heat hazes and that of autumnal mists, which trace every stream as on an Ordnance map. Then out of the emasculate, uncaring sky rain will suddenly fall, with a soft persistence almost Scottish, which seems to bring dank, dark bushes creeping up foot by foot towards the house.

Most of the corn is cut here; some of it is already in; but from East Anglia one hears frightening stories of whole fields laid flat, and harvesting machinery bogged. It is the more ironical since the eastern counties are almost the only region of England naturally suited to wheat.

As year after year the fruit is spoilt by late frosts, and the crops by unlucky rains, one wonders why the English farmer and gardener



does not commit suicide, or go in for the manufacture of some commodity the world really needs—like, for instance, Wurlitzer organs.

## Excited Insects

**I**N some moods I prefer orderly climates—like that of North China, for instance. A long, languorous autumn that enables one to play tennis and bathe (with no tremendous expenditure of fortitude) well into October.

Three falls of snow, the heaviest near Christmas—like a professional politeness from the Chinese theogeny—the “Big Cold,” the “Little Cold” and then the Li Ch’un, or “Setting-up of Spring,” when one’s gardener, and for that matter most of the farmers, forsake their warm quilted cotton, however glacial the wind that sweeps down from the still frozen Gobi.

Then “The Day of Excited Insects,” when with the scrupulous punctuality which humans reserve for an amorous appointment or a royal birthday, hibernating crickets set up a deafening hubbub behind the panelling, and dung-beetles—those entomological models of conjugal fidelity—roll passionately down the waking hillsides, locked in each other’s legs.

Next, the young rice like a bright green fire rages across the plains; and then, as if heralding the watery régime into which the rains will plunge us, lotuses sprout in all the canals and lakes of Peking—by no means wistful and dainty in the manner of some Amy Woodford-Finden song, but lusty as young colts, and of a pink so startling the Prince Regent himself might have invented it.

For the rest of the summer you no longer escape the lotus. What room is without its blossoms, what Chinese dinner-party of taste lacks lotus roots, in consistency somewhat like artichoke bottoms, but slightly more delicate in flavour? With royal punctuality the rains come, and the farmers sew the huge lotus leaves, like elephants’ ears, into waterproofs; last of all you send lotus boats away with night-lights in them, down the canals and streams, at the Feast of Lanterns, to end the Chinese summer—a ceremony which the patronage of countless New England spinsters has not yet contrived to render whimsy-whamsy.

Yes, I like an ordered climate—the possibility of arranging a picnic weeks beforehand, or of knowing within a few days the date when one should carry one’s rarest plants to cover.

## Agreeable Anarchy

**Y**ET in these days, when the English, their once splendid turbulence forgotten, fall meekly into their queues and their form-signing, perhaps our weather is the last vestige of that noble anarchic tradition which made us great. Perhaps it is as well that it has not become, as in China, the chun-tze, the Confucian school-prefect, who will never do the unexpected.

Nevertheless, even if at the end of the eighteenth century we were still fortunate enough to have a surplus of corn for export, it is sometimes hard to remember that this was once the leading agricultural country of the world, to which admiring foreign farmers came in their hundreds. But I remember travelling through Sussex during the war with a Canadian soldier who, in peace-time, was a farmer from the great “wheat-belt.” Longingly he looked at the Sussex fields—none of which were of the finest quality this country can boast—and he assured me he would give much to work this land, bad weather and all. The famous wheat-bearing tracts of the New

World, he declared, while good enough when first turned by the plough, did not contain the rich substance of the English soil. I am no farmer. I cannot tell whether indifferent land, if carefully cultivated for centuries, grows in quality, like some piece of wood lovingly polished.



## “Capability” Brown

**T**O me the fascinating quality of our landscape is the park-like air which it retains even at this moment, when, I suppose, more acreage is under the plough than ever before. Quite obviously, it has not always looked the same. The philosophy of the third Earl of Shaftesbury, William Kent, the batch of Enclosure Acts at the end of the eighteenth century, and above all, “Capability” Brown, the landscape gardener, altered it out of all recognition from the time when there was a common or a wild thicket every few miles for highwaymen to lurk in.

I love a prospect so mellow as ours, carrying the adornment of husbandry through so many centuries. The New England scene, or that of Virginia, can for most of the year be wonderfully beautiful. But one always feels that if Man relaxed his discipline for a mere decade, the poison ivy and the other weeds would creep back and turn the fields again into a riotous tangle. Whereas there are certain areas of the world in which Nature has been tamed to the docility of an Indian elephant. You know that if the farmers vanished for fifty years, the general plan of the old husbandry would still be visible through the confusing weeds. The South of England is one of those regions, the Côte d’Or in Burgundy and the Valley of the Main too others, and above all, the plains of Lombardy and Venetia. Never was there more park-like country than that which lies between Mantua, Vicenza and Padua. The landscape appears to have been designed by Poussin. At every curve of the road you come upon some Palladian temple, which may contain a Giorgione, or at worst frescoes by Battista Franco or Zelotti, almost invisible behind a jumble of elderly cobwebs and ageing farm carts, sprawling across the parquet.

## Venetia

**I**F—as seems most unlikely—my new, oh-so-dainty little car, ordered nearly one year ago, is delivered before snow sets in and the



Alpine passes grow impassable, I should like to visit the Veneto this year. Padua will, I suppose, seem barren without the Mantegna frescoes from the Eremitani, and I tremble to think what damage one may find in Verona—I have heard most disquieting reports.

If I go to the Veneto, I shall, I fancy, in any case arrive too late to bathe in the tepid and surprising waters of the Lido, where Roman marchesees jostled the flotsam of old horse-



hair sofas, and American heiresses doing the crawl got snarled up in abandoned stethoscopes. For all the futility of its bathing, the Lido evokes for me a hundred phantoms of pleasure. Above all, I remember with love the little Ristorante Vida. Will it still be there? How pleasant it was to leave what were politely called the "international set" to their filthy and expensive meals in the "smart" restaurant by the beach, and retire to the garden of the Vida, there to order "Prosciutto di Parma con Melone" followed by scampi—those princely cousins of Dublin Bay prawns.

The preparation of the mayonnaise for the scampi was always a dramatic moment—particularly in very hot weather. The entire family would gather outside the kitchen window, passing to me a running commentary on "Mamma's" progress. It resists, the sauce, they would grumble over their shoulders. It's about to thicken, no, it isn't; another egg must be whipped and a new start made. Then suddenly a wild shout: "*Arriva, arriva il mayonnaise!*" And at once the garden was in a joyful ferment.

One of these days those poor benighted people will learn that instead of breaking their hearts over the fusion of egg and oil, they have only to pour out of an art-bottle a mayonnaise prefabricated in the most hygienic conditions known to the Slough Trading Estate, or to Chicago. And the time thus saved they can dedicate to watching Lana Turner. . . .

#### Wells

FUNERAL orations and the eulogies that bring the brilliant and the second-rate deceased down to one edifying level, already confuse our estimate of H. G. Wells's height in the Pantheon. For my own part, I shall always be grateful to him for quickening a small boy's passion for history with his fascinating if somewhat unreliable *Outline of History*. From him I first learned of Pharaoh Akenaton, and of Frederick II Hohenstaufen's ribald crusade, of Jenghiz Khan and of Robert Owen. The trouble about him was, I think, that his was a classical mind that could accept no classical pattern of society. And lacking a fixed point about which to exert his intellectual strength, he was helpless in his later years. "A noble mind soaring out of nothing into nowhere," as someone said in his early days. And he really believed you could solve the troubles of the world by setting the scientists to rule it. Like most of his generation he was incapable of distinguishing between means and ends, technicians and administrators. But what a charming companion, how ready his wit, how his vitality shamed many of those far younger than he. . . .

## AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S



H.E. The Brazilian Ambassador

IN more than fifty countries London is still the glittering prize that budding diplomats set themselves as the final reward in the world's most fascinating and romantic career. Control of an embassy or legation in Great Britain remains the outstanding ambition of hundreds of the shrewdest, wealthiest, handsomest men in proud, foreign capitals.

To the Brazilian Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary, Senhor José Joaquim de Lina e Silva Moniz de Aragao, C.B.E., the dream has been a deserved reality for nearly seven years. And now, through the death of the Belgian Ambassador, the aged Baron de Cartier de Marchienne, who was doyen, the envoy of Brazil has also the envied mantle of dean of the corps, held, by the strangest coincidence, until 1940, by his own predecessor in the Brazilian Embassy, the late Senhor Raul Regis de Oliveira, G.C.V.O., G.B.E.

As Ambassador from the fourth State in the world (Brazil is as large as Europe without Russia), Senhor de Aragao presides graciously over one of the noblest mansions in London, the forty-roomed Mount Street home once occupied by Beryl, Viscountess Cowdray. Through the grim, monotonous air raids of 1940, flying-bomb raids, rockets, threats of invasion, hunger, Senhor de Aragao has been one of our staunchest friends; he went about the country cheering people with facts about the contribution to the war provided by 76,000 factories in Brazil, by Brazil's mobilization of the army and air service for combat in distant Europe.

NONE of our enemies was less surprised by this attitude than the pompous hero of Hitler's shadowless yesterdays, wine-salesman Ribbentrop. For the shrivelled occupant of the defendants' bench in Nuremberg had his final quarrel with Senhor de Aragao in 1938, while the democracies quivered under Hitler's last territorial demand (before the

next). Watchful Brazil arrested Germans, and the envoy went to Hitler's Foreign Minister to say that the Nazi Ambassador in Brazil was no longer *persona grata*, polite protocol phrase for "Please recall him soon." Berlin's piqued papers obeyed orders, retaliated with the headline, "Brazilian Ambassador must go." Senhor de Aragao obliged, of course. The journey of October, 1938, recalled memories. This was the second departure from Berlin.

His diplomacy began in 1910 when he secured his degree in law, and pleased a noted (if critical) High Court judge, grandson of the Regent of Brazil. The attaché went to Washington, Montevideo, Madrid, Rome, Paris for the Peace Conference, and, in 1920, to the conquered capital. After six years here he became Minister in the Swiss dream castle of the League of Nations. Then, Brazil having left the League, Senhor de Aragao went home and married Isabella Rodriguez Alves, whose father had been twice President.

What a succession of posts followed: Geneva, for the International Labour Office; Paris; Copenhagen; Venezuela; home again, as Foreign Under-Secretary; and in 1935, Berlin.

STAMPS, books, paintings, maps, are the Ambassador's principal hobbies. Perhaps he is proudest of an Ortelius of 1525, bought recently in Holland, which shows Brazil a few years after her discovery. Or, maybe, of the Royal Philatelic Society medal, awarded in 1943, for the magnificent exhibition of 500 sheets, on the occasion of the centenary of the issue of a Brazilian stamp.

And among the truly ambassadorial armchairs the visitor can sink down and listen to the memories of a life rich in wisdom and experience, a life rich, too, in its contribution to learning, a life rewarded by a hundred satisfactions in the service of peace-seeking mankind.

GEORGE BILANKIN



James Agate

# AT THE PICTURES

## "Enoch Arden" in Reverse

I HAVE received a courteous letter from my old friend Mervyn McPherson saying: "If you feel you are able to do so, will you very kindly refrain from printing the actual dénouement of the story? Wilcox feels that this reticence will add to the pleasure of the public when they see *Piccadilly Incident*, and I certainly agree." As the housemaid says: No sooner asked than granted. I will even do more. I will refrain from printing the beginning of the story, and will plunge in *medias res*, which is the Latin for doing whatever Mac wants.

DOES anybody today remember *Enoch Arden*, in my view the worst poem ever written by a great poet? No, reader, I have not forgotten Wordsworth and the depths of bathos to which that giant could sink. Enoch was in love with Annie, who was beloved of Philip. Enoch won because he was a pushing young man:

Likewise had he served a year  
On board a merchantman, and made himself  
Full sailor . . .

But the ménage didn't prosper as well as Enoch thought it should:

In him woke,  
With his first babe's first cry, the noble wish  
To save all earnings to the uttermost,  
And give his child a better bringing-up  
Than his had been, or hers; a wish renew'd,  
When two years after came a boy to be  
The rosy idol of her solitudes.

A China-bound vessel wanting a boatswain, Enoch signed on, was shipwrecked and given up for dead. Whereupon Annie naturally turned to Philip. And then Enoch returned and grew a beard so that Annie wouldn't recognize him, and died leaving her a message, and another one for his supplanter:

And say to Philip that I blest him too;  
He never meant us any thing but good.

And that was that.

*Piccadilly Incident* (Empire) is *Enoch Arden* in reverse. Captain Alan Pearson (Michael Wilding) bumps into Diana Fraser (Anna Neagle) in *Piccadilly Circus*. Diana had previously bumped into Bill Weston (Michael Laurence). There is an air-raid on, and the gallant captain gives Diana a bump-supper in his rooms, by dint of which he marries her, very much to the delight of the baronet, his father (A. E. Matthews). Now Diana is a Wren, and we next see her at Singapore where she escapes in a ship which is sunk

by the Japanese with the loss of everybody on board except a party of six. These include Diana, her friend Sally (Brenda Bruce), the aforesaid American sailor, Bill Weston, who bumped to no purpose, and three Servicemen of sorts. This lot strike an uncharted Pacific island where they live for three years. Sentimental difficulties—I always think sentimental is such a nice word—arise, not, it seems to a gross mind like mine, incapable of solution. Diana could be very happy with the sailor, and Sally is obviously mixed up with one of the Servicemen. The other two? Well, I am afraid that, in the words of the late lamented O. W., a passionate celibacy is all these hirsute ruffians can look forward to. Presently the party is rescued, and Diana, after a haircut turns up to find that her husband married Joan (Frances Mercer) and is the father of a squalling brat. And now what happens? Does Diana grow a beard so that she is unrecognizable? Does she put on a long veil, and go as nurse to the pining infant? Or does she lay about her with a rolling-pin? I should love to tell you. I can only hope my old friend Mac will not mind my saying that even Miss Neagle has seldom seen a costlier funeral.

THIS film, which lasts from noon to dewy eve, is everything I like in the way of bathos and unreality. Magnificent settings, superb photography, the blitz on London, the war in the Far East, echoes of *The Admirable Crichton*, glimpses of such delightful people as Maire O'Neill, Coral Browne, Edward Rigby, Leslie Dwyer and A. E. Matthews trying very hard to convince us that he is sixty. Which is difficult, because he doesn't look fifty. All the resources of the film brought to the embellishment of a novelette for pantymaids, the high spot being the moment when Miss Neagle slaps the face of the sailor who dares to suggest that since there's only one sort of fun possible on a desert island they'd better have it.

No, I'm afraid I'm not moved by this story. If I were the husband I should collect the two women and begin by banging their heads together. I should then say: "Now look here, Diana. I married you and am still very fond of you. Then you went and got yourself reported drowned, and I married you, Joan, and I'm very fond of you. In fact, you've given me a baby. And if my legal wife, Diana, wants one too she has only to say the word. Diana will, of course, stay with me here at Houndsditch Hall, and you, Joan, can go and live at my little place at Twickenham, where I can run down to see you—in the day-time, of course. And if you two start quarrelling you can both pack up and I'll get myself another dame. I'm not

Lady Waddilove, chairman of the première committee, receiving some of the disabled men from the college in the foyer of the theatre

Brig. J. G. Smyth, V.C., and Mrs. Smyth. Brig. Smyth commanded the 17th Division in Burma at the time of the Japanese invasion

Mr. F. E. Hutchinson and Mr. W. Dieterle, director of "The Searching Wind," who is over from America for a short time

Première of "The Searching Wind" in Aid of Queen Elizabeth's Training College for the Disabled



## Lillian Gish

**T**WENTY-FOUR years ago, in the days of the silent film, I wrote about Lillian Gish in "Broken Blossoms": "I know of no other picture in which so much 'screen beauty' is attained. This is, I think, attributable to the Whistlerian fogs and shadows of the setting, and that dock in Limehouse ever recurring like some pedal point. I once read an Eastern poem of but a single line—'Oh, these wisteria flowers.' Some of that same ache is in the acting of the Chinese boy. The performance of little Lillian Gish seems to me surprisingly true and moving. She puts into her scenes of terror as much power as Sarah ever put into Tosca, and I think that, if I were to hear the child's cries, she would move me more. As it is, the film scene is the more nearly unbearable. I do not say that this little girl is as great an actress as Sarah. For all I know she may not be able to speak the President's American. What I do know is that in this one picture she ranks with the world's great artists. It is curious that, when she wears her hair down the sides of her pinched, weebegone little face, with all the expressiveness of that resistful countenance drawn from the eyes down the long suspense of the nose to come to final meaning in the trembling mouth—it is curious that this little American child should give the world an exact image of the great actress in her far-off youth."

Five years ago I wrote: "Nathan called this afternoon to take me to tea with Lillian Gish. She came into the room looking exactly as she did in 'Way Down East.' A sad, pinched little face, with weebegone eyes looking out from under a hat like a squashed Chinese pagoda. A trim, tiny figure very plainly dressed; the whole apparition strangely reminiscent of Vesta Tilley. Since she left films she has played Shakespeare, Tchekov, and Dumas fils: 'I came from the theatre, and I am glad to go back to it.' Nathan has a theory that acting has nothing to do with the film or the film with acting, and that the proper function of the screen is to exploit the exuberant vitality of the Robert Taylors and Loretta Youngs, and discard all players as soon as they cease to exuberate. He thinks Lillian was the last screen actress. I talked a bit about her old pictures, and she seemed to like it. Anyhow she sat there silently, nodding like some grave flower."

I see no reason to alter one word of the foregoing, and have nothing to add except that Lillian and her sister Dorothy have recently been over here enchanting us all.

J. A.



John Vickers

at all certain that this experiment's worth trying. I read this morning in *The Times* personal column of a delightful desert island that the owner wants to let cheap." The trouble, of course, with this film is that all the people in it are much too well off, whereas there would have been a real problem if the husband had been a working man with just enough money to keep one wife and not a hope of supporting two. No, I can't get up any sympathy with moneyed distress. If it

came to the point the baronet would just dish out three yachts and send the trio on three separate pleasure cruises. The acting? Michael Wilding is very, very good, and Miss Neagle neagles it to her and everybody else's heart's content.

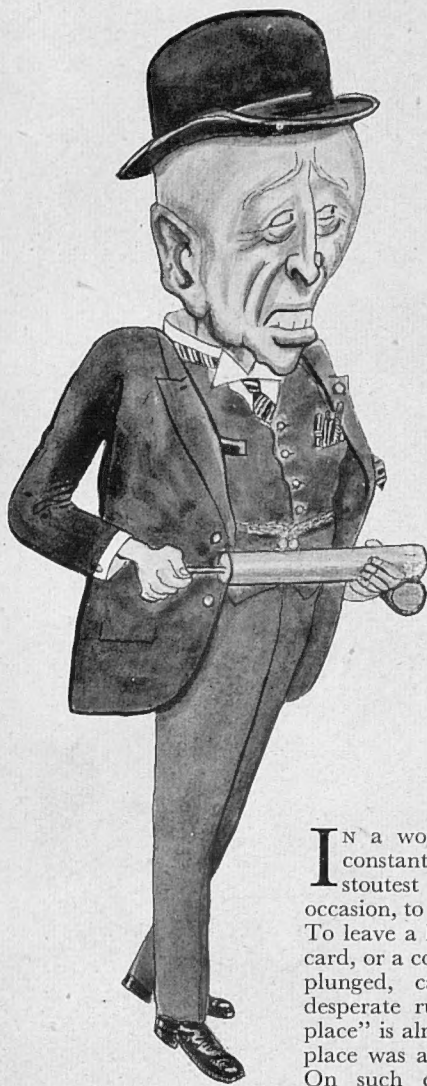
I AM not going to say a single word about *The Stranger* (Tivoli), except that it is a magnificent and enthralling film, grandly directed and photographed, and superbly

acted by Edward G. Robinson, Orson Welles and Loretta Young. I feel that this reticence will add to the pleasure of *Tatler* readers when they see this first-class thriller about the unrepentant Nazi. I have only one suggestion to make. This is that the shot showing Loretta in her wedding veil be eliminated. It reminds one too nearly of Death on the Road.





Sketches by  
Tom Titt



**Alarmed:** Joe Harris (Gordon Harker), the insurance agent, fumigates the poltergeist in self-defence



**Rev. Alfred Prescott (Lloyd Pearson) the unctuous vicar and father of Audrey (Olive Kirby), to whom the poltergeist has attached itself, and Joyce (Anne West) her outraged sister whose boy friend has been a victim of its black magic**

# The Theatre

"The Poltergeist" (Vaudeville)

**I**N a world much too full of things that constantly need to be looked for, even the stoutest disbeliever in ghosts is driven, on occasion, to admit the possibility of poltergeists. To leave a letter, a bill, a receipt, an identity card, or a coupon lying about is to be suddenly plunged, calling frenziedly for help, into desperate rummagings; to put it in "a safe place" is almost certainly to forget where that place was and to lose the thing irretrievably. On such occasions it becomes practically impossible to disbelieve in poltergeists.

It is perhaps in recognition of the special place which these mischievous spirits hold in our minds that Mr. Frank Harvey introduces his farce with an act of cautious comedy. Learned professors have explained that when Shakespeare arranged that meeting between Hamlet and the Ghost, he took care to play up to all the contradictory beliefs that his audience might hold touching the reality and the general goodness or badness of spirits from the tomb. Mr. Harvey is no less considerate than Shakespeare, and while the kindly but pompous vicar is displaying a natural unwillingness to believe that his young daughter is possessed, we can all think whatever our experience has taught us to think of poltergeists.

**W**E can feel with the vicar that the notion that his daughter, a mischievous schoolgirl, is what the Middle Ages would have called a witch is not only wicked but preposterous. We can nod agreement with the investigator from the Society of Psychical Research, as he suavely suggests that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in the vicar's philosophy, and discourses learnedly on the well-known habits of poltergeists. They often work their mischief through young girls, it would appear, and unless countered expertly, may do great damage. Or we can feel with the vicar's frightened wife that all is not well with a house in which all the pictures turn their faces to the wall every night.

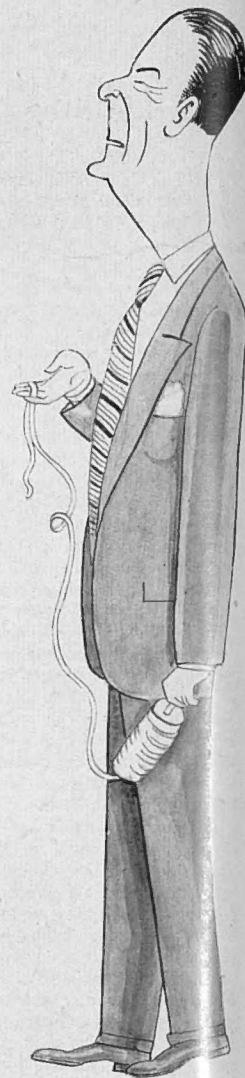
Mr. Lloyd Pearson, Mr. Austin Trevor and Miss Olga Lindo combine very happily to work up an atmosphere of comfortable suspense. It seems the kind of comedy which

might gradually deepen into serious discussion as to the place of poltergeists in the spirit world, or speedily burst into emotional fireworks (the poltergeist has just sent a young huntsman to hospital and the witch's sister has slapped her face); but before things go too far in either direction, the insurance assessor, in the person of Mr. Gordon Harker, arrives, comedy folds up and the farce opens out.

**I**T is (shall we say?) a very comfortable farce, everything in it expected, but everything just making the farcical grade. Mr. Harker sees to that. He is as ready to believe in spirits as a Cockney publican to believe in cheques across the bar, but he is wonderfully quick on the uptake when a red-hot coal flies from the fireless grate and breaks a window. Such a thing could not have happened, but when you think you have seen it happen, it is time to reach for the bowler hat and be off home to bed, firmly resolved never to touch another drop. Yet he never succeeds in escaping; similar things continue to happen; and when night falls, the darkest of nights, and the scientific investigator has wired the house for sound and cunningly arranged all the traps into which poltergeists are known to blunder, Mr. Harker finds himself at the post of danger with a bottle of beer, a pack of cards and his bowler hat.

**H**is long upper lip trembles like a leaf; yet at the crisis—when ornaments dance on the mantelpiece, the chandelier revolves and pictures turn shudderingly away from the nameless presence—Mr. Harker is the embodiment of Cockney spirit. Where the rappings are loudest, there is he with his creosote sprayer (creosote is death to poltergeists), and when the hurly-burly is done he proves that no more is needed for the exorcization of evil spirits than a little Cockney common sense. Everyone is pleased by his efforts, except the scientific investigator. The vicar is relieved, his wife is serene again, the witch is a witch no longer. It would be a wholly happy ending, did the curtain not descend just a moment too late. At that moment we see that, alas, chaos has come again.

ANTHONY COOKMAN



**Delighted:** Vincent Ebury (Austin Trevor) who regards the poltergeist as a stroke of good fortune



**Hopeful:** Olive Venner (Jacqueline Clarke), the maid-of-all-work, has faith in ancient charms



**Distraught:** Hilda Prescott (Olga Lindo) is horrified to discover her younger daughter's ghostly malady





Lady Everard, wife of Sir Lindsay Everard, with Mr. Whitney Straight at her residence, Ratcliffe Hall, Leicester, which he visited during the tour. Sir Lindsay Everard is Hon. Commodore of the 605 County of Warwick (Fighter) Squadron, Auxiliary Air Force

## FUTURE OF THE FLYING CLUBS

Mr. Whitney Straight's recent aerial tour of English flying clubs is discussed by "The Tatler's" Air Correspondent, Oliver Stewart

**T**HERE are two possible ways of looking at the information collected by Mr. Whitney Straight and Col. R. L. Preston during their tour of twenty-three flying clubs. One can either look on it as indicating that a big effort must be made to obtain financial assistance for the clubs from the Government—as before the war—or one can look on it as indicating that the whole club movement in this country must be scaled down in both scope and cost.

The tour made by Mr. Whitney Straight (I comply with his request to drop the title of rank) and Col. Preston was made in a de Havilland Dove, and was really a sequel to the announcement of the ambitious and interesting associate membership scheme for the Royal Aero Club.

I discussed this scheme in my article of July 10. It was formulated soon after Col. Preston had become secretary-general to the Aero Club and Mr. Whitney Straight, chairman.

It creates a large new membership open to those who are pre-pilots, pilots or past pilots, and to those directly interested in flying. It brings together the flying clubs and offers them the unity which should give them strength. More than fifty clubs may eventually be associated with the Royal Aero Club.

### High Cost, or Low Power

**T**HE Straight-Preston expedition into darkest civil aviation called at Maidenhead, Birmingham, Leicester, Nottingham, Cambridge, Luton (where post-war air pageantry began), Shoreham, Hatfield (formerly a model "amenities" aerodrome), Broxbourne and Salisbury, among other places. Mr. Arthur Narracott went with them.

Almost everywhere enthusiasm was high and finances low. Hard words were being said about the Government decision not to continue subsidising, and yet harder words about the

basis of this decision, which is that the clubs were of almost no value in assisting in the pre-war training for air defence.

It so happens that information from the clubs was coming direct to me at about the time of the Straight-Preston expedition, because I had sent round a questionnaire. And all the answers tended towards the same conclusion. Without subsidy in some form or other club flying as it is cannot continue to exist. It costs much more now than before the war, when it was already expensive enough.

What are we going to do about it? Personally, I doubt if this Government will go back on its decision not to subsidise. I know Lord Winster is favourably disposed towards the clubs; but his colleagues have so many expensive schemes afoot that I doubt if subvention for personal flying would get much support. The alternative is to cheapen flying itself, and one way is by reducing engine power.

(Continued overleaf)

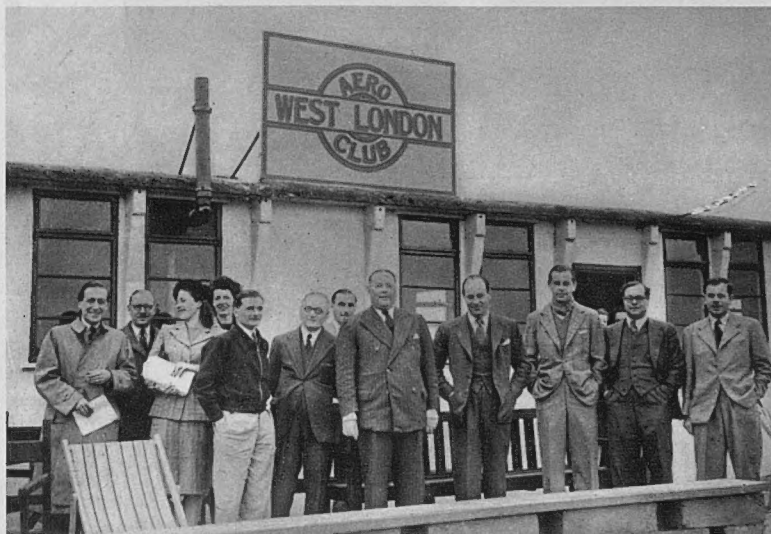




Arrival at the Herts. and Essex Aero Club,  
Broxbourne, Herts.



With a group of members and instructional plane  
at Four Oaks, Woking



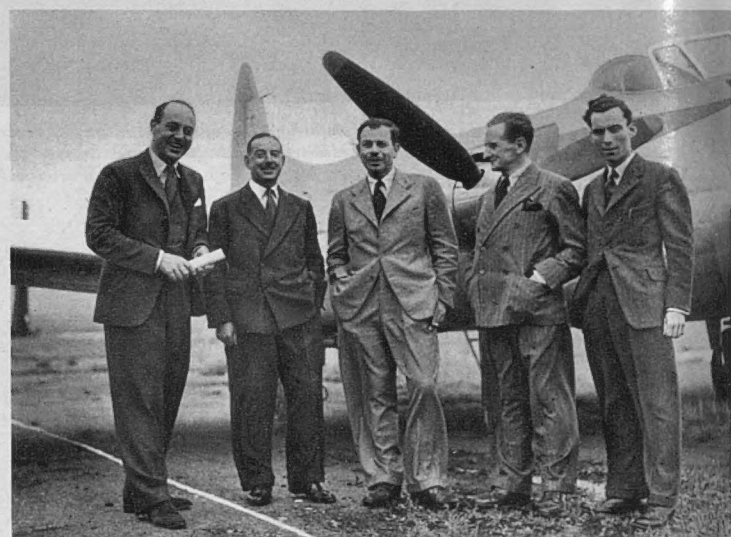
At the West London Aero Club headquarters,  
White Waltham Aerodrome



The Dove, in which the tour was made, forms a background  
at Nottingham Airport



Members of the Auster Flying Club, Rearsby, Leics.  
Sir Lindsay Everard is third from left; Mr. Whitney  
Straight in centre



Mr. Whitney Straight, the Mayor of Southampton, Colonel R. L.  
Preston and W/Cdr. W. L. Gordon at the Hampshire  
Aero Club

## FUTURE OF THE FLYING CLUBS (continued)

### Club Economics

WE come back, therefore, to where we were in 1920 or thereabouts. We want lower-powered, and therefore cheaper, aeroplanes. Dual instruction charges vary between £2 and £5 an hour at the moment; but I expect them to go up rather than down if all hope of subsidy disappears.

There are also the ancillary charges—for hangarage and landing. Landing fees are fantastically high. That is partly because of the cost of concreted runways. But personal aeroplanes, including such larger aircraft as the Dove, can use grass.

So there is the position. To bring the clubs back to full health without subsidy necessitates lower-powered aeroplanes and cheaper aerodromes. In short, the thing is to cut the horses down and put them back to grass—where they mostly were before 1939.

It is true that economies might also be effected in the actual design and construction of light aircraft. The French have shown the way in this, and have produced some excellent little machines of the ultra-simple kind. On the other hand, experience with the *Pou du Ciel* shows that caution is needed when simplification is the aim.

I look on the steps now being taken by the Royal Aero Club as laying the foundations for a clear-cut policy for the Association of British Aero Clubs. There must first be a testing of opinion; a means of interchanging views. From that it will be possible to decide whether the right course is to go all out to try and modify the Government's no-subsidy decision, or to take drastic and concerted steps to create a cheaper form of private and club flying.

And, above all things, the Association must lay on some high-pressure publicity. That is necessary, whether the associate members like it or not. The statement that the clubs were of no defence value, and did nothing to help in the pre-war training of Service pilots—a libel





Mr. R. L. Malcolm, of the West London Aero Club, and Mr. Whitney Straight at White Waltham



Lady Apsley (centre) greeted the party at the Western Aero Club, Weston-super-Mare



Colonel R. L. Preston, Mr. B. Howard and Mr. A. G. G. Marshall at Cambridge Flying Club



The Oxford Flying Club assembled at Kidlington Aerodrome for the occasion



Historic event: Mr. Arnold Wilson, Director of the Yorkshire Flying Club, with a poster advertising the first flying meeting in England

supported, I am sorry to say, by the Air Staff—would never have been possible if the clubs had had a concerted publicity service before the war. As it was some had good publicity, some bad, some none at all. The numbers of pilots going from the clubs to the Fleet Air Arm and the A.T.A. were hardly noticed. The R.A.F. view that the clubs were almost useless for Service training prevailed. Such a thing must not happen again.

The measures now under way to co-ordinate and consolidate club flying, to give it a centre and a direction, should be our safeguard. We must all watch with sympathy the efforts of the chairman and secretary-general of the Royal Aero Club to sort things out and to create the conditions for full success.



Party at Ratcliffe Hall, Leics., to celebrate the tour: Left to right: Lord Donegall, Mr. Narracott, Mr. I. S. Fossett (pilot of the Dove), Miss D. Nixon, Lord Newtown-Butler, Lady Everard, Sir Lindsay Everard, Mr. Gordon Marshall (navigator), Mr. George Fyfe, Colonel Preston and Mr. Whitney Straight





## A Rest Between the Drives

*Among those shooting on the Twelfth were Major-General Telfer-Smollett, C.B., D.S.O., M.C. (right), of Cameron House, Dumbartonshire, and his two sons, Major Pat Telfer-Smollett (left) and Captain Michael Telfer-Smollett. They were accompanied by Lady Jean Graham (second from right), daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Montrose, and Miss Jean Pawson, and found good sport on the Auchendennan Moor bordering Loch Lomond*

*Laddy and Glen*

*Jennifer writes*

# HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

IN the last few days before the Court left for Scotland, where Their Majesties are enjoying a much-needed and well-earned restful holiday on Deeside, Londoners saw a good deal of the Royal Family on occasions both official and unofficial. The Queen's birthday fell on a Sunday, which meant that she celebrated the anniversary in the country where, with the King and the Princesses, she was enjoying a final week-end at Royal Lodge before going North.

Queen Mary and the Duchess of Kent motored over to offer their congratulations and stayed to tea with the King and Queen, but the birthday celebration was held over until the next day when, to the delight of Bank Holiday crowds, the King took the Queen and the Princesses for a birthday theatre-party to the Strand Theatre, where they saw Mr. Harry Green in *Fifty-Fifty*, going back to Buckingham Palace for a late family dinner-party.

Next "unofficial" glimpse of the King and

Queen was when, with the Princesses, they left Euston in the Royal train for Balmoral. Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret were both in holiday mood at the station, where they had a few strenuous minutes persuading their two Corgi dogs to board the train, and the King and Queen, too, were in high spirits as they walked up the platform with Sir William Wood, the President, and Sir Robert Burrows, the Chairman, of the L.M.S.

Everyone was distressed to hear that the Queen had slipped and fallen when crossing a burn, injuring her leg, a few days after her arrival at Balmoral, when out walking with the King and the two Princesses, and were relieved to learn that she was making a quick recovery.

### ROYAL PLANS

THE King plans to stay at Balmoral until the first week in October, but the Royal holiday will be interrupted for one day with

a double night journey in September, when Their Majesties travel south for the opening by the King of the "Britain Can Make It" Exhibition of Design in Industry, at the Victoria and Albert Museum on September 24th. Apart from this and the never-ceasing succession of "boxes" (those steel-lined, leather-bound cases in which Cabinet and other secrets are sent to the King), the days at Balmoral will be free from cares of State, though Sir Alan Lascelles, Private Secretary to His Majesty, and "Chief Minister" of the Royal Household, is nearby at Auchnagussach in case any suddenly developing crisis should call for his counsel.

Near Balmoral, too, are the Duchess of Kent and her three children, the ten-year-old Duke whose resemblance to his late father grows with the passing years, radiantly attractive Princess Alexandra, one year younger, and their smaller, sturdy brother, four-year-old Prince Michael. They are spending a six-weeks



## SOCIAL JOURNAL

holiday at Birkhall, that charming, medium-sized house

on the Royal Estate which for several years was the Scottish home of the King and Queen when Duke and Duchess of York. Birkhall has been lent to the Duchess again by the King, for the third year running.

In the rush of pre-holiday arrangements, the Duchess found time to make several shopping expeditions to the West End, and I saw her black saloon held up more than once in Bond Street traffic blocks, which at the beginning of this month had very nearly returned to a pre-war level of impatient frustration. The young Duke is studying at Ludgrove in preparation for Eton, and has taken a pile of school books with him for reading among the Scottish hills.

Queen Mary is another Royal holiday-maker. Her Majesty is in residence at Sandringham, which the King has placed at his mother's disposal while he is in Scotland, and she is passing a good deal of her time renewing friendships among the Norfolk families whom she knows so well and visiting the antique shops of King's Lynn and neighbouring places. While she was still at Marlborough House her brother and sister-in-law, the Earl of Athlone and Princess Alice, were frequently to be seen emerging through the Royal gates in a taxi-cab, for the Athlones, homeless until Kensington Palace is made habitable again after its wartime bomb damage, are also car-less.

### IN SCOTLAND

AMONG the many people following the Royal Family's example of spending a holiday in Scotland are the Grand Duchess of Luxembourg with Prince Felix and their children, who went up to Inverness-shire in July. The Earl and Countess of Lindsay are spending a month or so at their beautiful home in Fife, Kilconquhar Castle. With them are their four children, Viscount Garnock, his younger brother, the Hon. John Lindsay Bethune, and the Ladies Elizabeth and Mary Lindsay, who are still schoolgirls. Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McCordale have come up to their home in Sutherland, and not very far away Viscount and Viscountess Chaplin are entertaining friends at their home at Brora.

Other people who have come north are Sir Harold and Lady Hood, a popular young couple who were married this summer, and Sir Charles and Lady Hodson with their son and daughter, who have planned a golfing holiday at Nairn. Sir Nigel Mordaunt is another who planned a golfing holiday and has gone to North Berwick with Lady Mordaunt, and I have news of Sir "Chips" and Lady Maclean, who are spending their holiday with their family at Duart Castle, Mull, the Macleans' lovely Scottish home which is reputed to be the oldest castle in that part of the country.

### GROUSE-SHOOTING

SMALL parties are the general rule on most Scottish moors this season. I have heard of no big "drives" on the 12th, all the guns being content to "walk" the moors in the hope of finding birds more plentiful than reports had forecast. But, alas! the 12th (which is also dealt with on pages 272-273) in most places was "glorious" in name only: the day was wet and there was the anticipated scarcity of birds all round.

On the opening day Lord Dalhousie had a small party shooting with him on Dalbrack when they got 22½ brace, and the Earl of Airlie with a party of only three guns got 25 brace on Glenmoy. In Aberdeenshire, on the MacRobert Trust moor, the bag was 32½ brace. The guns included Mr. Eric Greenwood, one of the record-winning team of Meteor "jet" pilots. In Perthshire bags were not so good, though walking over part of the moor near his lovely home, Blair Drummond, Sir Kay Muir had a bag of six brace. At Auldallan Sir John Ogilvy-Wedderburn's party of five guns shot 11 brace, while two guns shooting with Mr. Kenneth Hunter over his home beat at Garrows for half a day shot 6½ brace. Near by Mr. and Mrs. Salvesson were out on Kinloch with Commander Neville and got six brace.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Peshall with a party of friends, including Lord Hazelrigg, Colonel the Hon. George and Mrs. Akers-Douglas, Major

Woodhouse, Wing-Commander and Mrs. Oakley Beuttler (the latter a very fine shot), Captain Orr, and Mr. Cecil Gee, are staying at Amulree for a month, and have taken the same two moors they had last year, Glenquach and Logie Almond (which belongs to the Earl of Mansfield). On the 12th they shot over part of Logie Almond and got a bag of 16½ brace. Another good woman marksman is Miss Helen Baird, who was shooting over Riechip in Mr. Hugh Baird's party. Sir Douglas Ramsay had a party shooting with him at Bamff, his Perthshire home, and Sir Archibald Lyle had a small party shooting at Murthly, including his son, Michael, Major Edward Studd, of 14/20th Hussars, who is stationed in Scotland at the moment, and Earl Cadogan, who, with the Countess Cadogan and their young family, is staying in their home near Murthly for the summer.

### NEWS FROM THE SOUTH

I HEAR that Sir John and Lady Dashwood gave a small and very enjoyable dance at their beautiful country home, West Wycombe Park, to celebrate the coming-of-age of their elder son, Francis. Among the guests at the party were Lady Elizabeth Lambart, looking pretty in a dress of pale yellow crêpe, Lord Montagu of Beaulieu with his sister, the Hon. Mary Clare Douglas-Scott-Montagu, Mr. John Wigan, Lord Victor Paget's daughter, Anne, the Hon. Gloria Curzon, Lady Buckhurst, who I heard was looking outstandingly lovely in blue, and Miss Penelope Forbes. Sir John and Lady Dashwood's only daughter, Sarah, whose recent marriage to the Hon. Morys Bruce also took place at West Wycombe, wore pink lace and was telling friends that she and her husband have just moved into a small London flat.

A special feature of the dance was the good band which Mr. Francis Dashwood had organised himself, and many of his friends present remembered his own excellent performances when he was a member of the Eton College band. At midnight everyone went out on to the terrace to watch a magnificent display of fireworks. Among those enjoying the display were Captain Herbert du Plessis, Lady Meyer, the Duchess of Rutland's tall, attractive sister Miss Jill Cumming-Bell, Mr. Ford, Miss Anne Pawson, the Hon. Mary Anna Sturt, the Hon. Mrs. Murray and Lady Moira Combe's son, Peter, who has recently been demobilised from the Navy.

### MR. WHITNEY STRAIGHT'S TOUR

AIR-COMMODORE WHITNEY STRAIGHT and Colonel R. L. Preston, who are chairman and secretary of the Association of British Aero Clubs respectively, recently went on a goodwill tour of private flying clubs and aerodromes to inspect the progress of private flying since the war, the ban on which was lifted last January. (Major Oliver Stewart also deals with this tour on pages 263-265.)

They were accompanied by many representatives from the Press and others interested in civil aviation. When they arrived in Leicestershire the entire party stayed overnight with Sir Lindsay and Lady Everard at their beautiful home, Ratcliffe Hall, where Sir Lindsay has for many years had his own private aerodrome. He is Hon. Commodore of the County of Warwick (Fighter) Squadron, A.A.F., and vice-president of the Royal Aero Club, and has done a great deal for civil aviation.

Extra passengers on the next day of the tour were two young swans, and this is how it happened. During dinner the host was saying he had too many young cygnets on the lake, and Mr. Whitney Straight said he would like two for his lake at home. Immediately Lord Newtown-Butler, another guest, offered to lasso a couple off the lake after dark! Much to everyone's surprise he accomplished this unusual feat with the aid of a long pole, a rope, and an electric torch, returning with a cygnet under each arm ready for the journey next morning.

Lord Newtown-Butler is the Earl of Lanesborough's son and heir. He is married to Sir Everard and Lady Lindsay's only daughter, and came over from their delightful home, Rotherby Grange, for the evening.



Miss Phillipa Tennyson d'Eyncourt is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eustace Tennyson d'Eyncourt, and a granddaughter of Sir Eustace Tennyson d'Eyncourt, Bt., K.C.B.



Bassano

Mrs. R. M. Burton is the wife of Sir Montague and Lady Burton's second son, whom she married in June of this year. She is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Flateau



Pearl Freeman

The Hon. Miriam Fitzalan Howard is the second of Lord Howard of Glossop and Baroness Beaumont's four daughters. She is twenty-one, and during the war worked as a V.A.D. at her mother's home, Carlton Towers, in Yorkshire



## LADY BARING'S DANCE

Among the other functions resumed at the recent Cowes Regatta Week was the dance given by Lady Baring, wife of Sir Godfrey Baring, at Northwood House, in aid of local charities. There was a large and high-spirited gathering at this popular event



Lady Baring with Admiral N. K. Dietrich, of Lexington, Kentucky, from the U.S. destroyer Houston, which was stationed at Cowes



Miss C. Henstock, Mr. P. W. Francis, Cdr. Creagh-Osborne and Miss E. Hans Hamilton (owner of the yacht Puffin)

## ISLE OF WIGHT

The Isle of Wight this year has seen a gathering of yachtsmen which, if not fully up to pre-war standards, was, in view of the extreme difficulty of rigging and sailing even a small yacht nowadays, a striking proof of



Mrs. C. Drummond and Air Cdre. J. C. Quinell, C.B., D.F.C., owner of the Jade



G/Capt. the Hon. Max Aitken, owner of the Meehoopany, with Mrs. Jane Lindsay (whom he has since married) and Cdr. Rupert Egan



Lady Bailey with Rear-Admiral A. E. M. B. Cunninghame Graham (Commanding 10th Cruiser Squadron)



Mrs. Hugh Crankshaw and Lt.-Cdr. Colin Newman were among the guests



Miss Susanna Gardner (daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Charles Gardner), Mr. Bobby Friend, Miss Anne Crawley, Mr. Ian Murray West, Miss Maureen Bowyer and Mr. Bryan Bowyer



Lt.-Cdr. M. D. St. John, Sub-Lt. J. E. R. Guinness, Miss Mary Drax, Capt. G. W. Simpson (of H.M.S. Birmingham, anchored at Cowes) and Mrs. St. John



# CELEBRATIONS

the spell which sailing exercises on its followers. The season has been very satisfactory from the social as well as the sporting aspect, and two of the most popular occasions were those recorded on these pages



Lord Brabazon of Tara, who was the first English aviator, and Lady Brabazon



Sir Reginald Fitzpatrick, Sir Hugh Dawson and Mrs. Smyly



Lady Ley, wife of Sir Gerald Ley of Penrith, and her nine-year-old daughter Bridget



Miss Jean Cochrane, secretary of the Redwing Club, and Mr. Charles E. Nicholson, who designed and built the original class



Miss Macdonald Moreton, Commodore of the Club, cutting the anniversary cake with Mr. Tom Thornycroft, who won five races at Cowes



Simon Philips takes his mother, Mrs. Rootes, daughter-in-law of Sir William Rootes, for a row. His father, Norman Philips, who was killed during the war, was a prominent yachtsman

## REDWING ANNIVERSARY

The fiftieth anniversary of the Redwings, oldest racing yacht class in the world, was celebrated at their headquarters, Bembridge, by a cocktail-party at the Watch House. The party was given by the Redwing Club and the "birthday cake" carried a delightful miniature yacht



## "THE TATLER" GOES TO DEAUVILLE

Of the French resorts, Deauville has been among the foremost in recovering its pre-war gaiety, with a large influx of people this season for the racing, golf and other attractions. Some of the visitors who enjoyed the Atlantic breezes are shown here



Mrs. I. Kerman takes a walk along the front



Mr. and Mrs. William Hill, of Park Lane, London



Mrs. R. Waley, Mr. F. W. Rickett, the financier, and Mrs. Stanley Passmore

## PRISCILLA in PARIS

"The owners . . . risked their lives"

CONFERENCE delegates who are "studious of ease and fond of humble things" would do well, on their afternoons "off" and evenings "out," to don their largest and easiest—though these two qualities do not always go together—shoes and explore the *rive gauche* round and about the Luxembourg.

I advise no special itinerary. One man's architecture may be another man's eyesore, but wherever one goes one is sure to find plenty of picturesque thrills. It would not always do to follow one's nose, of course, because some of our narrower "left bank" streets are, on warm nights, a thought smelly. Compliance with various rules and regulations is not all that it should be in these bye-lawless times, and certain *concierges* have an unpleasant way of placing their odorous dustbins, that have ill-fitting, war-battered lids, a little too close to the *portes-cochères*. This is to the good of their own ease when it comes to lugging them out on the pavement at dawn to await the passage of the dustcart, but, to quote a time-honoured Limerick, the smell "is too utterly utter to utter."

THE quays are lovely, and when one has finished looking over the second-hand book-stalls and antique bric-à-brac, there are so many pleasant tree-planted spots where, even in the heart of *la Cité*, the honk-honking of the ever-increasing and ever-hysterical taxi-drivers becomes a far-away murmur, and one only hears the ripple of the water, the twitter of mother birds telling bedtime stories to their infants, and the less musical yelping of shrill-voiced youngsters who have not been healthily put to bed at sundown.

Paris is such a marvellously green city. It may not have the wonderful string of parks that London boasts of, but we don't do so badly with the Bois that covers so many acres of the outskirts of the western *arrondissements*, and if one has the courage to climb to the top of the Arc de Triomphe or the Eiffel Tower—that is being given a long-deferred coat of paint—one sees the innumerable gardens that abound in every quarter, and especially behind the high walls that guard the grand old houses of the Left Bank.

The famous restaurants of the Bois are making a great effort to reopen, but so far most of them have only been able to manage "*le thé*" (remember the old joke about "five-o'clock-at-all-hours"?) and the midday *déjeuner*. The Château de Madrid, that was such a boon to busy week-enders, has not yet been able to repair all the damage done by the Occupants, but one can "tea" and "lunch" at the Pré Catelan, Armenonville and Bagatelle, and the Sunday crowd can again have its ices and "demis" at the Restaurant de la Cascade, where, during the heat-wave, an *agent de police* was kept busy by the young people who arrived on their bicycles, with bathing suits under their summer fripperies, and spent the afternoon splashing in and out of the waterfall. Poor *agent*; he wore his notebook to tatters and his pencil to a stub taking down the culprits' names and addresses, but who cared?

The Croix Catelan, with its tables set out in high-hedged retreats that afford "a privacy that is not too private!" is not so well known to visitors who are better acquainted with the Pré Catelan that is just over the way, where, after a gay night in the dear, dull days of yore, one used to finish up for a *petit déjeuner* of *café au lait* and *croissants*, though the really hefty fun-chasers rarely said no to *œufs au-bacon*. The aspect of the Croix Catelan is not particularly attractive, a square, doll's-house building of red brick, but an autographed letter, framed, hangs on the wall of the main room expressing grateful thanks to the two owners of the place who risked their lives during Occupation by hiding a well-known Frenchman from the Gestapo. For several months M. André Le Troquer lived there in a tiny box-room under the roof, while German officers rioted in the restaurant below.

It was here that I met Jules Raimu the other day on one of his first outings since his accident. Raimu is well known to all French film patrons in London. Remember him in *Carnet de Bal* and *L'étrange M. Victor*? He is certainly the finest of all French actors and carries on the great traditions of Signoret and Harry Baur. He had a bad motor smash last spring, broke his leg, and his convalescence has been slow and tedious.





Mr. and Mrs. Mansfield Markham with their nephew John, son of Sir Charles Markham



Taking refreshment in the beautiful grounds of the racecourse

Yves Mirande—the author of *The Man in the Moon*—was in the smash with him, and Jules fell on him with all the weight of his many-odd kilos., smashing a few ribs and knocking the breath out of him pretty completely, but poor Yves (another old friend), who is over seventy, did not get nearly so much hurt. Ambulances were rushed down from Paris to the scene of the accident. The one that picked up Raimu did not need to use the kitchen on the home-trip; he took care of that. It was hard lines from the business point of view as he was busy on several films and had refused from his recent nomination to the *Ciné Française* (where there is much glory but rather less pay) in order to complete them. He is now quite fit again, having been devotedly nursed by his wife, and his very charming adopted daughter; kept amused by all his friends, and agreeably snowed-under by letters of inquiry from his numberless "fans." Best of all the news is that we shall probably see him at the *Ciné Française* again.

A amusing—but is this the right word?—story reaches me from the husband, who is away in the "high" Pyrénées; it illustrates the futile rage the Boche has always felt for the British. There is a particularly lovely lake, the Lac de Gaube, not far from Cauterets, and in this lake, that is reputed bottomless, a Mr. and Mrs. Patisson were drowned during their honeymoon on September 20th, 1832. A little monument was erected to their memory. This, because they were English, has been destroyed. Did you ever hear anything so feeble?

*Voilà!*

● Scene: A P.O.W. camp near Tours. Wooden huts. Football ground. Really nice shower, and other, bath arrangements. High barbed-wire enclosure, of course. It is near the high road and sometimes automobilists stop their cars, walk over and enjoy a polite gloat. Nothing much to gloat at, be it said. The Germans seem well fed if not well dressed, and appear quite contented with their lot. The following comment was heard: One P.O.W. to the other, as they both stared back at their visitors: "Schen Sie" (or words to that effect) "Prisoners of Peace!"



Miss Marion Davies, the film actress, with Mme. Homan

# THE GLORIOUS TWELFTH

In spite of rain, and shortage of birds due to wartime neglect of the moors, the Twelfth showed that it has retained all its old magic. The call of the heather, even with doubtful sporting prospects, was strong enough to attract almost the pre-war number of shooting-parties across the Tweed. Jennifer writes on the Scottish scene on pages 266 and 267



*Capt. Michael Lyle, walking up the hillside at Riemore, near Dunkeld, with Major E. Studd*



*All the Elements which compose the essence of the Twelfth are in this picture of the Hon. from a spaniel at another Perthshire shoot—Sir Douglas*



*Lord Cadogan (right) and Mr. Michael Gull, two more members of Sir Archibald Lyle's party*



*Freighting-up the Highland Express! Mr. F. W. Walker, the cattle-breeder, watches while Jock, an eleven-year-old Highland steer, has his panniers loaded at the Leys Castle, Inverness-shire shoot*





Duthac Cameron, brother of the Earl of Southesk, taking a bird  
Ramsay at Bamff, Alyth



Keeper Ferguson points the direction of the drive to Sir Douglas Ramsay,  
the host (left), and Capt. J. A. I. Duncan at the Bamff, Alyth shoot



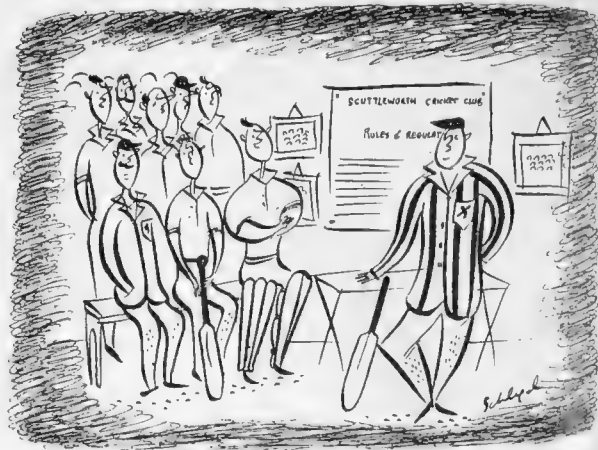
Loch Benachally and its surroundings form a majestic background for  
Mr. Hugh Baird's party at Riechip, near Dunkeld. Mr. Baird (extreme right) is  
accompanied by Miss Helen Baird, Mrs. Robert Baird, Mrs. Robinson, Mr. J. T.  
Prior, Mr. Dick Chartres, Dr. E. Evill and Mr. Alan Prior



"Coming Over": Miss Helen Baird drawing a line  
at Mr. Hugh Baird's shoot



"Claims to be a newspaper man, or something"



"The Committee have decided, after due consideration, to delete 'duck' from the club vocabulary—a word now almost extinct—and substitute the more suitable term 'bully beef'."



A notable addition to Scottish archaeology is the museum recently opened at Melrose Abbey by the Duke of Buccleuch. The museum stands on a tree-shaded lawn at the Abbey



Clapperton, Selkirk

The Dowager Duchess of Buccleuch turning the key of the museum door at the opening, assisted by Mr. McIntyre, V.C., with the Duke of Buccleuch standing behind

## Museum Opened at Melrose Abbey

FROM the principal Scottish moors come reports of an extremely poor season, which is unfortunate, except for the grouse. However, this disappointment is nothing new, as lovers of Sir Walter Scott are aware.

The stag at eve had drunk his fill,  
And as he felt extremely ill  
He set the heather all afire  
With odious tales of Mr. Meyer,  
A wealthy local chieftain who  
Had many friends, all well-to-do . . .

And the action unfolds, in its fascinating metre:

The sweating guns who climbed the brae  
Had quite a lot of things to say  
About the absence of the birds—  
Good gracious me, what City words!  
They did not know their kindly host,  
(Whose fertile brain was Mammon's boast)  
Had ransacked all his lordly house  
For every kind of well-stuffed grouse  
Whose roguish eyes and genial faces  
Beamed from a myriad glass-cases . . .

### Sequel

AT dusk the pipes are skirling at the Castle to welcome the return of the guns, all triumphant and merry except Sir Mulciber Goldwasser, who is suspicious by nature. After the banquet and the Highland toasts the storm breaks.

"Behold the markings of the Moth!"  
The Knight exclaimed in noble wrath,  
And as the ancient rafters shook  
He damned the Chieftain for a crook . . .

You find the story also in Mrs. Bursting's *Folklore of the Western Highlands, or Round and About the Mystic Gael on a Bicycle*.

### Sesame

VEXING behaviour by a Customs official at Dover caused one of Auntie *Times*'s girl readers to raise Cain the other day, we noted. But how on earth could the Customs boy know that sweetheart was a *Times* reader unless she at least threw back her veil and revealed her alabaster brow?

This was the method of a friend of ours one day at Irun, on the Franco-Spanish frontier, during a menacing discussion with the Spanish Customs on a box or two of undeclared cigars. At one moment it seemed as though a Spanish prison—which is said to lack, unlike ours, the comforts of a home—yawned at his elbow. But suddenly baring a tall white brow and saying haughtily in fluent Castilian: "I may add, Señor Aduanero, that I am a subscriber to *The Times*," our friend won the day. "Spain is yours, Señor, go with God," said the trembling

officials, handing back the cigars. The Alcalde of Irun and a posse of the Guardia Civil did hasty obeisance, the Dean of Fuentarrabia burst into tears, and, escorted by the awed populace, our friend swept majestically to his train.

We've never known the power of Great White Auntie more strikingly manifested except once at Eastbourne, when a chap who knew the Theatre Critic (personally) ordered the tide out.

### Chum

STUDYING the idiotic face and the grotesque figure of a highly-bred Scottie, a pearl of pearls said to be driving the prize doggie-racket crazy with rapture, we reflected that breeders can't muck about with cats, anyhow.

The eyes of a cat, which so ravished Baudelaire:

*Le feu de ses prunelles pâles,  
Clairs fanaux, vivantes opales . . .*

have a cool contemptuous judgment in them which terrifies freak-breeders. The result is that the highest-bred show-cat looks exactly like a cat and not something out of a surrealist toyshop. Moreover, chaps who shrink from a cat's clear gaze, crying that all cats are pompous overbearing snobs, are merely cretins. We used to know a common little gutter-cat whose affectionate gambolling was exquisite as its grace. This obviously was the type of chum of which angelic Bishop Richard Poore of Salisbury was thinking when he drew up his *Ancren Riwle* for anchoresses in the Thirteenth Century. "Ye shall not possess any animal, dear sisters, save only a cat." Dr. Johnson's Hodge was a cat of the same calibre.

We shall never forget hearing a chap at a dinner-party declaiming loudly against the "essentially cruel" nature of cats. He turned out to be a wealthy usurer.

### Sangfroid

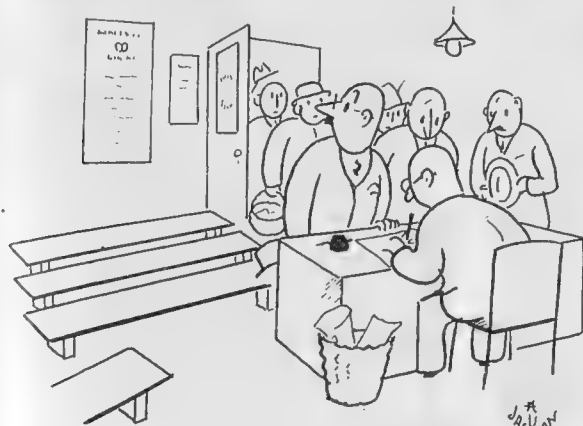
AT a recent song-recital we pondered, as often before, on the difficult life a skilled accompanist leads, and the masterly way he restrains himself. But a musician tells that every first-class accompanist does an hour's restraint-exercise every day.

You will perceive, if you look closely, that the accompanist's lips are moving constantly during the recital. He is muttering to himself a rhymed restraint-incantation, mentioning each finger and thumb by name. E.g.:

Tiny, Rover, Ponto, Chatsworth, Puss, Babs,  
Sans-Souci, Archie, Joad, and Rubato,  
Run smoothly through the songs of this tomato;  
Don't risk the sneezer  
For that geezer.

When a given group of *lieder* is finished and the big warmhearted girl drags him gaily from





"Fill up those forms, please"



Stark

## Standing By ...

the pianoforte to share in the applause from friends, agents, and West End library ticket-narks in front, that convulsive crispation of the accompanist's fingers is due to the fact that he has promised his aged mother to take a tight hold of himself. Think of those wrists of steel, and the effort involved. Ladies and gentlemen, in response to your kind (click). Oh, I say, Mumsie! Look!

### H.O.M.

**S**LOGGER SHAW having been officially proclaimed Britain's Grand Old Man (our own candidate was Mr. Godfrey Winn), it remains to be seen whether the genial Slogger will fulfil the duties of this high post.

His immediate predecessor, Thos. ("Misery") Hardy, let the racket down by issuing, during his term of office, not a single Grave Warning, Urgent Message, Indignant Denunciation, Reasoned Pronunciamento, or Inspired Prophecy. Model No. 1 therefore still remains Mr. Gladstone, who not only performed all these duties like a noble foghorn but also specialised in formal breakfasts and eloquent postcards, which effectively cowed all remaining resistance. And it occurs to us that it is not too late yet to elect Britain's Grand Old Man's twin-jewel, foil, contrast, and sparring-partner, namely Britain's Horrible Old Man. The duties of a H.O.M. to balance Slogger Shaw are obvious. Winking at good women, devouring raw meat, and fighting in the Athenæum are only incidentals, so to speak. We have the perfect candidate in our mind's eye at this moment, but his whiskers need forcing.

Plainly any fraternisation between a G.O.M. and a H.O.M. would have to be totally forbidden. Otherwise Britannia, poor old trot, might find herself one morning saddled with two Grand Old Men, which would be too embarrassing for everybody.

### Mystery

**E**VEN the Life Beautiful has its ups and downs, one perceives, noting that it will take the floral boys in the Scilly Islands about five years to recover pre-war export standards.

And once more, as in the far-off days when Mr. Nichols was curtsying to his flowers as thousands cheered, it occurs to one that the Murder Beautiful in its right setting has yet to engage the attention of the crime-fiction boys. The décor alone would be enchanting. A low westerling sun gilding silver witch-balls dangling in twinkling open casements; homing rooks and drowsy sheepbells; a soft perfumed breeze; all Nature retiring smilingly to rest; and, stark and prone among the daffies and gladdies, a sweet-voiced gentlewoman who had just been kissing her flowers goodnight. Although the jobbing-gardener with his twisted sneer would

naturally be arrested at once, the mystery of who actually tapped Miss Fossicks on the chignon would grow and grow, since half the countryside would be under suspicion. A refined Scotland Yard boy with a gift for epigram would unravel it, the assassin turning out to be somebody no one dreamed of, such as M. Hercule Poirot.

"I keel her, mes amis, because—ah, *ma foi, non, mais c'est épatant! Regardez-moi ze body!*"

It is the body of Lord Peter Wimsey, disguised and following up the Case of the Purple Phlox. Everybody congratulates M. Poirot, and none more heartily than Messrs. Collins, Ltd., publishers, Pall Mall, S.W.

### Rite

**W**HY the Archdruid of Wales, on hearing of those Eisteddfod choirs which were rapped by the judge for being too lazy to learn something new, did not instantly draw the Sword of Peace and fall on it in agony and shame, we cannot conceive. The Druidic Rites, whose origin is lost in the distant mists of the Victorian Age, are surely clear on the point?

Unless we err, the Rites were first promulgated—all his own work—by a Mr. Davies, who called himself the Archdruid Myfry Morganwg, in the 1850's. Mr. Davies seems to have merely waved the Sword of Peace and no more. Possibly choral singing was better in his time. But there must have been before long a fiery Archdruid who longed to make the great sacrifice, and in the Bardic Archives there may even be an impassioned lyric for harp called *The Song of Mrs. Jones Sea-View*, dealing with this incident. Rough translation:

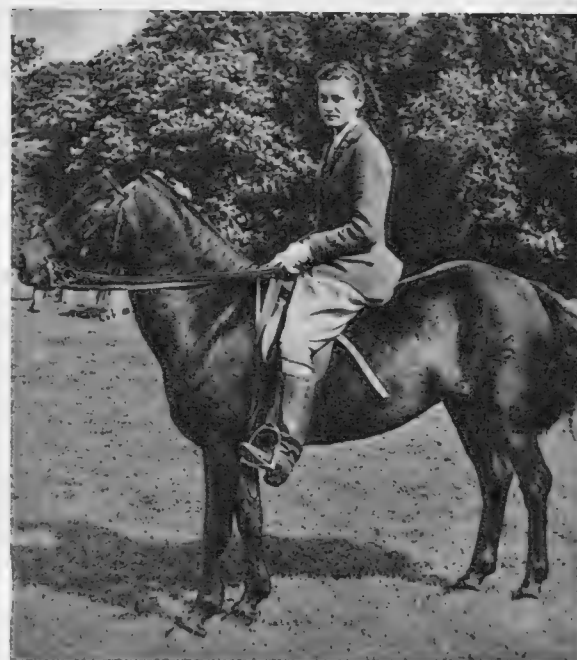
If you wish to disembowel yourself in public,  
Archdruid,  
Please yourself, naturally;  
I don't much care about pseudo-japonaiserie  
myself, Archdruid;  
Moreover those Druids will bust their Sunday  
pants with unaffected mirth...

### Finale

**T**HE song rises eventually in a *hwyl* of pure emotion:

As for that saucy trollop Mrs. Evans the Gas,  
(May the Red Dew of Abertridwr parch her  
vitals),  
She'll love it, Archdruid;  
Likewise her niece, Myfanwy Pie-Face,  
Likewise that spotty girl, Blodwen something—  
funny, I can never remember names, though  
I'm awfully good at faces, whatever;  
So just as you please, Archdruid,  
And take your time;  
I fancy the Sword of Peace is made of tin.

It probably was, and is. Which would explain everything.



Miss Marion Grindley, of Hereford, at the first post-war meet of the North Cornwall Hunt Pony Club held on the estate of Sir John Molesworth St. Aubyn, near Bodmin



Ellis, Bodmin

Major Deverell, of the East Cornwall Hunt, and Lady Molesworth St. Aubyn showing a young rider how to hold the reins. Miss Roberts, of the E.C. Hunt, also helped to instruct

## Pony Club Meet in Cornwall

## SCOREBOARD

**A.** E. VOGLER, the famous South African cricketer, whose death was reported recently, was one of the pioneers of the googly, which won respectability about the time of the first motor-cars and Suffragettes. Its inventor, B. J. T. Bosanquet, became a little ashamed of it after winning a Test Match with it against the Australians at Nottingham in 1905. Some years earlier he had had that capable, if somewhat circular, left-hander, Sam Coe, of Leicester, stumped off a googly on the third or fourth bounce, and had caused that maestro of defence, Arthur Shrewsbury, to call the googly "unfair."

To return to Vogler. It was he, Schwarz, White and Faulkner, whose gyratory bowling on the matting of South Africa first separated Jack Hobbs as an artist apart from all others. Vogler was also a not wholly silent actor in a comedy that was enacted at Lord's, so many years ago that the Iron Curtain may now be lifted. It was a complimentary dinner to the South African touring cricketers, one of those symposiums at which speeches are made in praise of the Empire and Cricket, and those who have travelled so far to represent a section of the former at the latter.

George, Lord Harris, of Kent and England, was speaking, punctuated, involuntarily enough, by Vogler, who was suffering from a severe go of the hiccoughs, an indisposition that may overtake the most abstemious. "The sun," said Lord Harris, "never sets on Cricket." "Urp," said Vogler. "Wherever Cricket is played, there also will be found that spirit of true sportsmanship. . . ." "Urp, urp," repeated Vogler. In another part of the room sat Mr. Henry Perkins, recently retired from a long spell of secretaryship at Lord's. He was in festive mood. Near him sat one of those Bloodbusterfields who wear pyjamas of M.C.C. design. He resented Vogler's interruptions, and told Mr. Perkins of his disapproval. "Not at all," said Mr. P., "and, anyhow, Harris is talking nonsense." This reply incensed Bloodbusterfield, who retorted angrily that Mr. P. should know better than, etc. etc. Mr. P. made a spirited come-back.

Then the electric lights abruptly failed, and darkness descended on Lord Harris, with his hand raised in oratory, on Mr. P. and Mr. B. quarrelling, on Vogler and his hiccoughs. Within three minutes the lights recovered. But Mr. Perkins had mistaken their failure for the stroke of death, and when all was once more visible, he was swimming, face downwards, on the carpet, and shouting, "Where's that — Charon?" Who says that cricket's dull?

**SOMERSET'S** August festival at Weston-super-Mare started with rain and a wind that blew down the tents. A quarter of a century ago the pitch at Weston was a bowler's paradise. Sea sand was near the surface, and a spade and bucket were preferable to a bat. In the deep-field, too, there was an area of sand through which the would-be catcher of the skier ran as men run in nightmares.

I always connect Weston with two bygone worthies of Somerset cricket, Ernest Robson and Leonard Braund. Robson, the calmest cricketer I ever played with, won a match there against Middlesex with a six, when batting with the last man. An anonymous donor gave him £50 for the feat. Braund won a match against Hampshire by having the sight-screen moved and then moved back again. This so infuriated that brilliant but mercurial left-hand bowler, Frank Ryan, late of Glamorgan, that he lapsed into long-hops and full pitchers. All in the game. Len Braund has recently triumphed over the second amputation of a leg. One of the greatest all-rounders cricket has ever known.

*R.G. Roberts Glasgow.*



Winner of the big race, the Phoenix Plate, was Lady Kells, who is being led in by the owner, Mrs. A. T. Adams, with J. Power up



Lady Doreen Hope with her sister, Lady Joan Hope (right), daughters of the Marquess of Linlithgow, and Major H. Tweed



Lord Burghersh, the Earl of Westmorland's son and heir, with Mrs. Andrew Knowles, wife of Lieut.-Colonel Andrew Knowles, late Scots Greys



Mr. R. A. North, Sir Basil Goulding, Bt., Lady Goulding and Mrs. Cecil Hodson, sister-in-law of Sir Edmond Hodson, Bt.



Captain Andrew Hughes-Onslow, the Black Watch, with his wife, who is a daughter of Lady Rossmore by her previous marriage



Photographs by Poole, Dublin  
Lord and Lady Rossmore, with their only son, the Hon. "Paddy" Westenra, and their daughter, the Hon. Brigid Westenra

## Racegoers at Phoenix Park



By "Sabretache"

# PICTURES IN THE FIRE

IT was heartening to everyone who has ever been to the best horse show in the world, to have been able to note that it was still more than holding its own, and this in spite of all the mechanisation. The day that Ireland ceases to believe that the horse is the best animal in the wide world, she will follow the last of the dragons under the salt sea waves of the ocean. That was where the Blessed St. Patrick put him!

It is impossible even to think of Ballsbridge without recalling the many vivid, light touches which linger in the memories of so many of us. That time, for instance, when the lady, showing the finest 16-stone hunter in all Ireland, asked the unsympathetic Corney: "And what weight do you think me pony's up to?" and got the churlish answer: "In a cart, about a ton!" And that other lady, who had rung one in on the Judges and been found out, who said: "Ye're going to dine with that bog-trottin' little rat? Well, just tell 'um from me that I hope his damn dinner will choke 'um!" Or that dealer, who, with a sob in his voice, said to the reluctant customer: "Captin', ye wouldn't be missin' this wan, and his comrade winning a golden prize at the R'yal Dublin Show?" (the "comrade" just stood in the next box). The one he was trying to pass on was ewe-necked, sickle-hocked with a spavin as big as a turnip, and never even looked as if he could have carried the owner's little daughter "bang up to the sterns of the galloping Mathe dogs"!

And that other horse that tore the arms of the expert on his back clean out of their sockets! "You could ride 'um with a hay-rope in his mouth, and how I came iver to let that monkey up on 'um. . . ." The "monkey," incidentally, was the best man to hounds in the Three Kingdoms! What fun it all was—and is.

## Sir Loftus Bates

THE retirement at the end of this present season of the famous Clerk of the Course at so many of the Northern meetings will be much regretted by all in those regions, and this goes also for the many owners in the South who have experienced the high efficiency of his administration. Sir Loftus Bates has also done good service as Chairman of the Race-Course Owners Association.

Like many another King's Dragoon Guard, he has achieved fame in various arenas of sport, as an owner, a good man on a horse, and in the realm of one of the most exciting offshoots—pig-sticking. He never won the Kadir Cup, but it was not for the want of trying, and he was as skilled a pursuer of the fiercest animal in all Jungles as could be met with in a day's march. He was on the committee of the Hog-Hunters' dinner, a great gathering held in London in June 1929, and is one of a fast-dwindling band of well-known people who seized that opportunity to fight their battles over again. Since then, unfortunately, we have had to mourn the loss of our Patron, H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, Lord Baden-Powell, the chairman, General Sir Bryan Mahon, Lieut.-General Sir E. Locke Elliot, Lieut.-General Sir Webb Gillman, Major-General T. T. Pitman, Major-General Sir Percival Hambro, Brig.-General Wiggin, Brig.-General Neville Campbell, Colonel Lord Kensington, and last, but not least, Sir John Hewett, for so many years Chairman of the Meerut Tent Club, which ran the Kadir Cup meetings. But the chain which bound the rest together will never snap.

Sir Loftus Bates, who went to Sandhurst from Eton, and then straight into the K.D.G.s, got his D.S.O. and a mention in South Africa; where he was badly wounded, and his K.C.M.G. and four mentions in the Egyptian theatre during the 1914-18 War and, like every other officer of the Heavy Cavalry raised by James II. and which fought under Marlborough all throughout his campaigns, demonstrated that fighting was in the blood. All the Dragoon

Guard regiments were originally cuirassiers, and all, with the exception of the 7th, were raised in 1685.

## What's the Odds?

SLIGHTLY less attractive where the principal characters in the Leger are concerned since the scratching of Steady Aim, the Oaks winner, at 9 a.m. on August 8th. Whether she was, in fact, as good a 6-1 chance for the long race as so many thought, it is now quite fruitless to discuss. She won the Oaks very easily in better time than Airborne won the Derby, but there is nothing in that, for the course was appreciably slower on Derby Day, and after all, three seconds and a fraction are hardly worth bothering about having regard to the conditions under foot.

Personally, I am still as convinced as ever that Airborne would have finished in front of Steady Aim at Doncaster. He is the automatic selection for the Leger (September 11th), and as there are the best possible accounts of his well-being, I think we must leave it at that, and hope that Nirgal is not as good as the Frenchmen think that he is. After Steady Aim was scratched, Airborne's price contracted from 3-1 to 5-2, Gulf Stream's from 5-1 to 9-2, Nirgal's from 6-1 to 5-1, and White Jacket's from 7-1 to 6-1. It will not be very surprising if we find it difficult to get 2-1 about Airborne on the day. I should say that his S.P. is more likely to be 6-4, or even level money. As I read the situation we can only hope and keep our fingers crossed that Airborne, Gulf Stream and White Jacket will prove good enough to hold off the invader.

## The French Invasion

IT is very dangerous to despise the enemy, and after what we have seen these French long-distance horses do to us this season, it is not possible to repress a sigh, and wish that (so far as racing is concerned) we also had suffered from a German occupation. Their horses have obviously thriven on it. It is always as well, I think, to look at the physical picture of any horse quite as carefully as we do at the one The Book gives us. Airborne, for instance, is a full 16.1; he has plenty of heart room, and he is exceptionally well let down. All this applies equally to Gulf Stream, with this little difference; I should think that he is barely 15.3, and we know the old saying about a good big one and a good little one. White Jacket is a full 16 hands; plenty of room inside, excellent bone, and his hocks are closer to the ground than those of the other two. In this respect we are bound to like him, and he looks good everywhere excepting in the way that his neck is set in, and I think he is a bit plain about the head.

I have never seen Nirgal, but report says that he is not small; it also says that he has got a temperament. I know nothing of my own knowledge, but on principle and as a rule of life, I fight shy of anything that is inclined to be the scatterer. We have not seen him run. The French say he is a smasher, and they believe that his recent win over 1 mile 7 furlongs puts the Leger in his pocket. Our biggest disappointment, so far as looks are concerned, of the present season has been Happy Knight. He looked a horse and three-quarters, but appearances are bound to be deceptive sometimes. I see that the enterprising bookmakers are giving us quite an extensive list of prices for next year's Derby, making Tudor Minstrel favourite at 8-1; Nebuchadnezzar and Sayajirao level at 16-1. Everyone to his own taste, but personally I shall wait a long time yet, for much is going to happen where the two-year-olds are concerned before the end of this season. I have a hunch that we may see something very different by the time we have had the results of the Middle Park and the Dewhurst.



Viscountess Cowdray, wife of Viscount Cowdray and younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Bradford, with Colonel Charles Sweeney



Lady Diana Dixon and her sister, Lady Cecilia Johnstone. Lady Diana is the wife of Lord Glentoran's son and heir



Lieut. J. J. Kirkpatrick, Irish Guards, his sister, Miss Diana Kirkpatrick, and Mr. Y. J. Kirkpatrick

Dublin Show Visitors  
at Baldoye Races



Baron

## “ROMEO AND JULIET”

Hugh Laing and Nora Kaye in the tomb scene from the Ballet Theatre's production at Covent Garden, of which the choreographer writes below

IT is probably because Shakespeare's play-writing of *Romeo and Juliet* is so charged with directness in its emotions, and has so little that is complex in its loves and hates, that so many artists have been inspired to create visualisations of these famous lovers. Since any thought of creating equally with Shakespeare would be absurd, it is only possible for the choreographer to look upon himself as the translator of this drama into another language, the language of movement.

Only in the tomb scene of the ballet is there a serious divergence from Shakespeare's manuscript, for Juliet awakens to find Romeo still alive but having already taken the poison. None the less, in the final dance sequence of the ballet phrases from each of the lovers' last speeches are brought to mind: "Eyes, look your last! Arms, take your last embrace," "There rest and let me die."

In planning this production it was decided to present these characters from Verona as such people

may have appeared to contemporary artists, and many groups of figures are taken from famous pictures of the period immediately preceding, and of the Renaissance itself. The ballet is presented as it may have been performed in the busy marketplace of a small medieval town with its distractions, noises and sights, and within the conventions of the medieval stage the dancers of *Romeo and Juliet* enact this tragedy of loves and deaths in lavish gesture.

Antony Tudor



## ELIZABETH BOWEN (on Holiday)

## writes of PARIS BOOKSHOPS

ANYONE back again in Paris for the first time since 1939, probably—after one general, dazzled look round—makes for their old haunts. Your reviewer made for the bookshops. As to these, conflicting reports have been brought home by those who, since 1944 and the Liberation, have had reason to travel between England and France. Accounts of a book boom, no less lively than ours, came in side by side with depressing pictures of Paris bookshops with tables and shelves bare, of editions exhausted before distribution was complete, of Black-Marketing in the works of popular authors. The discrepancy between the two pictures was puzzling—if everybody was reading, where did the books come from? This month I could go and see for myself.

Staying in an hotel on the Left Bank, in one of the quiet, provincial-type little streets running downhill out of the Place de l'Odeon, I was in the heart of the book world. The boulevards St. Michel and St. Germain make an L round this quarter; and from the top of the Luxembourg gardens the Boulevard Montparnasse is within easy reach. The Odeon Theatre, itself closed for the holidays, offers the hospitality of the arches along its two sides to a variegated selection of bookstalls. The narrow by-streets of the quarter, twisting, turning, intersecting each other at unexpected angles, have for years been no less kind to the book-seeker than are the boulevards in whose angle they lie. And on the *quais* of the Left Bank, opposite the Ile de St. Louis, the magical, dazzling, cloudless weather of early August permitted the vendors of second-hand books to display, from early morning till late evening, the wares on their cases and tables without fear of rain.

## Access

EASY access to books has always been one of the charms of Paris. In the open air—at the quayside stalls, at the outdoor tables under the awnings—and no less indoors, inside the wide, ever-open entries to the shops, one may handle, gaze, sip, browse, philander with literature endlessly without buying. There is nothing odd or suspicious in spending an entire morning or afternoon in this manner. Incidentally, I was interested to learn how this bookshop habit, recognised even by the Germans as inseparable from the Paris manner of life, lent itself to the manoeuvres of Resistance people during the Occupation: often did bookshops make cover to vital meetings, in which a half-sentence (on which many lives or the success of a sabotage project might depend) could be exchanged between apparent strangers, brushing up against one another, it seemed by chance, in desultory progress around a table of books. How far this went—whether, for instance, pages of cypher were actually slipped between the pages of books in remote shelves, to be collected later—I cannot with authority say: the entire story of the Resistance methods is yet to be known. The possibilities would seem to be endless.

Are the Paris bookshops of summer 1946 empty? At the first glance, one would say decidedly, no. This first glance, however, would be deceptive: the bookshops, out of professional pride, succeed in giving a brave impression. (In this, they are in line with the rest of the shops in Paris: there is not much of anything—what there is is attractively, gallantly set out.) Compared with the abundance of spring 1939, book stocks are low: there is, or seems to the stranger's eye, a fascinatingly wide variety of titles and authors, but there are few copies, quite often not more than a single one, of any one book. If you have set your heart on anything particular, this may involve a long search from shop to

shop. In each, the bookseller, entering into the spirit of the chase, will give advice and suggestions, directing you further on. The chances are that, unless you are remarkably strong-minded, you will be deflected from your first idea, making so many fascinating purchases *en route* that by the time you do find the book you started out after you discover, also, that you have no money left.

## What Is Read?

WHAT, to judge by the bookshops, is Paris reading? What is being published and (as long as supplies last) sold? First, as might be expected, I was struck by the results of the psychological release caused by the departure of the Germans and their censorship. The lid has been lifted: out into print are coming all the French thoughts, feelings and experiences of the last years. Or, I should rather say, beginning to come: the speaking of truth must still be only at its start. The Resistance gave France a whole new gallery of heroes, many of them young; and the annals of their struggle are in demand. There are some books about Paris during the Occupation, but these seemed to me to be more sought by the British and Americans than by the French themselves—they remember only too well, without books.

The present spirit of France, it struck me, is towards recovery: what one feels most in the Paris air is a vigorous resolution with regard to the future rather than a tendency to brood over the past. This reflects itself, in the Paris bookshops, in all sorts of works on development and planning (not unlike our own). Also—due to the fact that under the Occupation people were more or less immobilised, unable to move without difficulty, discomfort and humiliation about their own country—there is an intense interest, on the part of the Parisians, in other, outlying, regional parts of France. Guides to and local histories of such regions, fine books of photographs of their landscapes and architecture, were much in evidence: many of these, I saw from their publication dates, were pre-war, many were shabby from having been long in stock, but in all bookshops they occupied prominent positions—evidently they are what is wanted now. In the old days, one would have thought that these books on regional France were planted to catch the eye of the foreign tourist: this year, it may be remembered, foreign tourists are so few as to be negligible—Paris bookshops cater for the French book-buyer, and what is shown reflects his demands and taste. Once (it now seems a long time ago) for the Parisian Paris was a sufficient world: now, at the end of the years of trial, he is keenly aware of his country, France, as a whole.

And the same feeling applies, it would seem, to the French past—not the past of the last few years, but of the glorious aggregate of French history. To the forefront in all the shops were fine books on French literature, architecture and painting. Given the number of illustrations and excellence of the production, the prices of those art books were surprisingly low: the average price was the equivalent of 12s. All round, French book prices still are, as they always have been, considerably lower than ours—the habit of paper binding makes for economy. Also, it is my (favourable) impression that in the main French books are shorter than English ones; therefore, even under austerity conditions, larger print and more open spacing is possible.

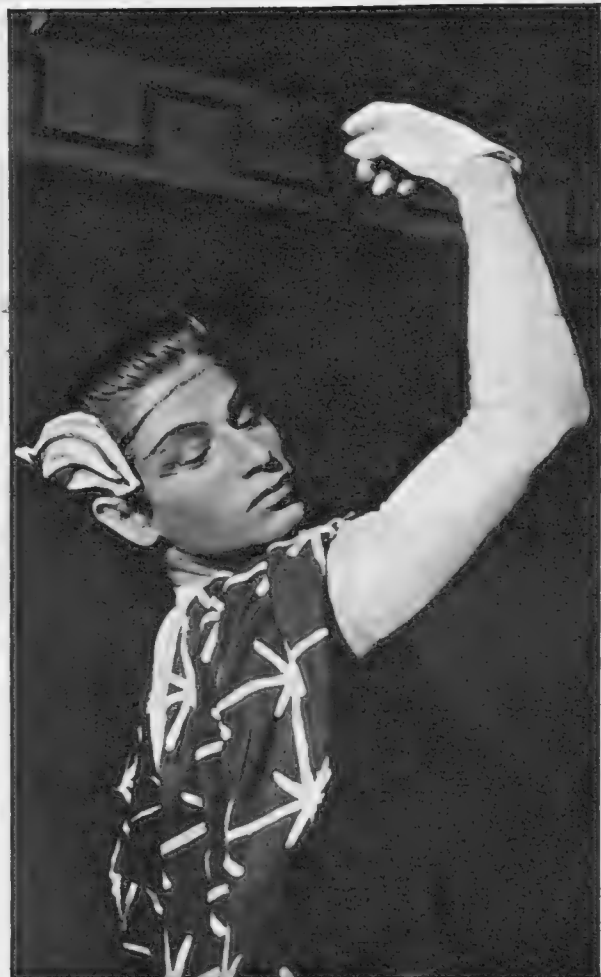
## English Books

IN our own present English taste for biography I we are evidently at one with France. The range of French biography—pre-war, reprints

(Continued on page 284)



Gordon Hamilton, who was formerly with the Sadler's Wells Ballet at Covent Garden, joined the French ballet when they were over here in the spring, and went back to Paris with them



Lido, Paris

Jean Babilée, the brilliant young premier danseur of the Champs Elysées Ballet, who is specially remembered for his performance as the joker in "Jeu des Cartes"

Les Ballets des Champs Elysées,  
Which Will Make a Return Visit  
to London in the Autumn

# GETTING MARRIED

The "Tatler and Bystander's"  
Review of Weddings



*Mackenzie — Bradish-Ellames*

*Cdr. Hugh Stirling Mackenzie, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N., son of Dr. T. C. Mackenzie, of Druim, Inverness, married Miss Helen Maureen Bradish-Ellames, daughter of Major and Mrs. Bradish-Ellames, of Salisbury, at Holy Trinity, Brompton*



*Maxwell-Lyte — Hodge*

*Mr. John Wilfred Maxwell-Lyte, great-great-grandson of the Rev. H. F. Lyte, author of "Abide With Me," married Miss Myrtle Alexandra Hodge, of Plymouth, at Brixham Church, Devon*



*Ward — Bridges*

*Capt. Julian H. Dudley Ward, only son of the late Hon. R. A. Ward, and of Lady Mary Ward, of Montpelier Place, married Miss Ann Elisabeth Bridges, only child of Capt. J. Bridges, of Cumberland Terrace, and of Mrs. M. Bridges, of Chapel House, Ealing, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street*



*Gurney — Roe*

*Capt. Richard Gurney, Royal Ulster Rifles, son of Mr. W. A. Gurney, C.B.E., of Harrow, married Subaltern H. C. Rose (F.A.N.Y.), daughter of Col. and Mrs. F. P. Roe, of Westbury-sub-Mendip, Somerset, at Bushey Parish Church*



*Murtough — Moran*

*Mr. Brian Murtough, son of the late Mr. Joseph Murtough, of Hayling Island, and of Mrs. N. C. Murtough, of Kensington, married Miss Maureen Margot Moran, younger daughter of the late Dr. P. G. Moran, of Tara, Co. Meath, and Lady Massy, of Dublin, at St. James's, Spanish Place*





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**Jean Lorimer's Page**



THE CAPE, longest lived and most elegant of fashions, has survived the passing of centuries. Here it is in its latest guise worn over a collarless tailored suit made by Travella and on sale at Harvey Nichols. Note the cunning cut-away of the short jacket and the touch of contrast piping at the throat. Cape and suit are sold separately



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## ELIZABETH BOWEN

reviewing **BOOKS**

(Continued from page 279)

and post-war output—is, to judge by the bookshops, wide. And, at the moment a rather important point, it is by no means confined to outstanding *French* figures. One may take it that there is in France, today, the desire to get a cross-section of European life, achievements and trends of thought. And most particularly, there is an interest in England. I was struck by the popularity of English writers, both standard and modern, and by the prominence of their works in the shops. A new-looking book on Dickens (by a French author whose name I unhappily failed to note) caught my eye in every window and on every counter: it must be on France's summer best-seller list. Dickens's novels tie with the Kipling stories in a wide and established popularity: I am told that the average French reader now knows his Dickens as well as, or possibly better than, does his British brother.

I do not know how good the translations are—I hope they do Dickens justice. Kipling, they tell me, goes into French well: in every second window I was confronted by a gay-covered *Simples Contes des Montagnes*, which it needed an effort of cerebration to identify with *Plain Tales from the Hills*. Not less in vogue was *Wuthering Heights* (no attempt made, I was glad to see, to translate the title). A brief book-survey on the other side of the river gave me a Rue de Rivoli bookshop with an entire showcase devoted to translations of Jane Austen and Henry James. French people who spent the war in England did not fail to note the Trollope revival; Trollope, accordingly, is to be "tried" on France—his better-known novels are in course of being translated, though I did not yet see any actually on sale. I should predict, in the present mood of taste, a considerable boom in Trollope, for this reason—he is one hundred per cent English. And never (at least, such was my impression) can the English good qualities have been rated more highly than they are in France today, or the English limitations more kindly seen.

## Welcome

I COULD not but be conscious of this good feeling, moving about Paris and in the country round. My redoubtable and incurable British accent opened floodgates of conversation and inquiry whenever and wherever I made it heard. How were we, over there in England? How was London? Films about London, in her present state, have recently been shown all over France, and have obviously made a deep and sympathetic impression. After twenty-four hours in Paris this time, I began to feel, like dear Miss Bates in *Emma*, "Everyone is so kind." Everywhere, this enveloping atmosphere of well-behaved and neighbourly curiosity.

This curiosity as to England, which I, as a single person, could only go such a very short way to meet, finds its outlet in an omnivorous reading of modern as well as classical English novels. I was surprised, surveying the bookshops, at how quickly our new books, in translation, seem to be reaching France. They come out in light, bright, cheap and attractive form. Not only our established successes, such as J. B. Priestley and Somerset Maugham, but writers so young, new or eclectic as to be as yet barely known to the English public are represented. In fact, I came away with the feeling that it will behove the English reader to keep his eyes open and his socks pulled up, or it may happen that his brother across the Channel will be the more up to date with contemporary English writing. I hope, equally, that we English writers may not disappoint French expectations of us; and that we may give a psychologically true, not belittling or falsifying, picture of our own country—its post-war ways and manners and feelings—to the French eye. At present, as I say, the French seem to be reading as many English novels (translated) as they do French. Prominent among native output I noticed Aragon's *Aurélien* (reviewed in these pages last week), and a prize-winning novel, *La Vie des Morts*, which will, no doubt, be reaching England soon.



Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

**Margery Sharp**, who wrote the successful novel "*Cluny Brown*," which was filmed recently with Jennifer Jones and Charles Boyer in the leading roles, is the wife of Major G. L. Castle, and took a degree at London University. Her latest novel, "*Britannia Mews*," published by Collins, came out this month.

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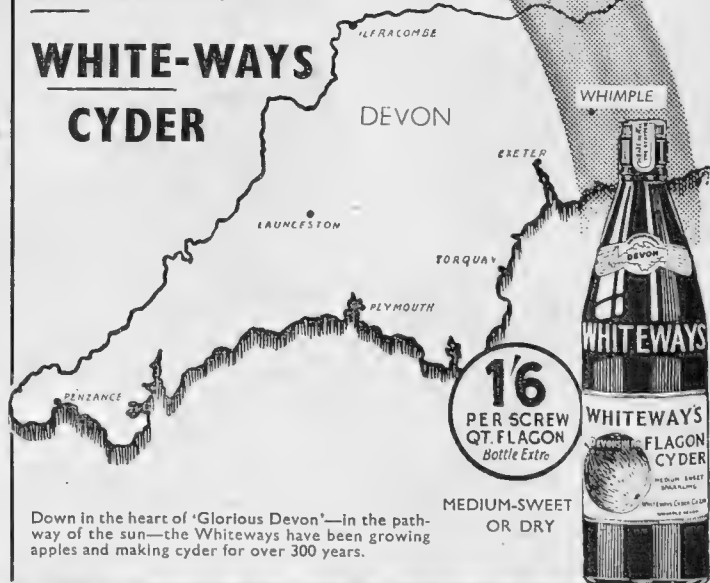
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## BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

JOHN went to visit his girl friend in the country. A large sign on the gate read: "Beware of the Dog." He moved forward gingerly and was confronted by similar signs every few yards, all cautioning him to beware of the dog. Finally he reached the house. When the girl friend had kissed him he said: "I'd like to have a look at this great big brute of a dog of yours!"

"Big brute of a dog . . . ? Oh, you mean Fifi? She's only two months old, and so small I'm always afraid people will step on her!"

THE flames shot upwards; the smoke curled in clouds around the doomed building.

Suddenly a young woman rushed up to one of the firemen. "Oh," she cried, "save it for me! Save it!"

She pointed to a second-floor window, and without a word the fireman rushed to the ladder.

"How old was it?" asked one of the bystanders.

"Only a month!" sobbed the woman. "And look"—the figure of the fireman could be seen coming down the ladder again. "He has failed! He's coming back without it! Oh, what shall I do?"

The fireman approached. "I'm sorry," he said, "but I could find no child."

"Child?" cried the woman. "I said nothing about a child!"

"Then what was it?" they asked her.

"It was my b-b-bicycle!" she wailed. "I'd only had it a month—on the hire-purchase system, too."

IRWIN EDMAN, Professor of Philosophy at Columbia University, spent an evening with a colleague and his wife, and the conversation was spirited until about two o'clock in the morning. After several elaborate yawns had been ignored, the colleague said, "Irwin, I hate to put you out, but I have a nine o'clock class in the morning."

"Good heavens!" said Irwin, blushing violently. "I thought you were at my house!"



Gilbert Adams

Cicely Paget-Bowman, now playing with Raymond Huntley in "Fear No More" at the Lyric, Hammersmith, is the daughter of the late Mr. Paget-Bowman, former director of the British Opera Company. During the early part of the war Miss Paget-Bowman was in the British Volunteer Ambulance Corps. In 1942, she joined ENSA, with whom she stayed until 1945, when she went to play leads at the Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park



Jack Hawkins has made a welcome return to the stage as King Magnus in Shaw's "The Applecart" at the Arts Theatre. He has been serving in the Army for six years, and in 1944 was appointed colonel in command of ENSA administration for India and S.E.A.C. He, Alec Clunes (director of the Arts Theatre) and Fay Compton have formed a new company which is to give seasons of plays in nightly repertory in the West End

THE boss was giving a junior member of the firm a lecture on success.

"Yes, young man," said he, "I'm a self-made man. I started at the bottom by renting an empty house, and by sheer hard work built the business to what it is today. You could do the same if you set your mind on it."

"By Jove, sir, I will!" cried the youth enthusiastically. "Tell me, sir, where can I find an empty house?"

AT a San Francisco hotel, a lady guest marched up to the desk and announced indignantly: "I thought this was supposed to be a respectable hotel."

"Why, it is," the clerk replied. "Is something wrong?"

"Well," said the lady, "as I was waiting for the elevator I saw a marine chasing a girl down the hall."

"Did he catch her?" asked the clerk.

"Why, no."

"Then the hotel remains respectable," said the clerk.

A WOMAN may put on a riding habit and never go riding. She may put on a swimming suit and never go swimming. But when a woman puts on a wedding gown—she means business.

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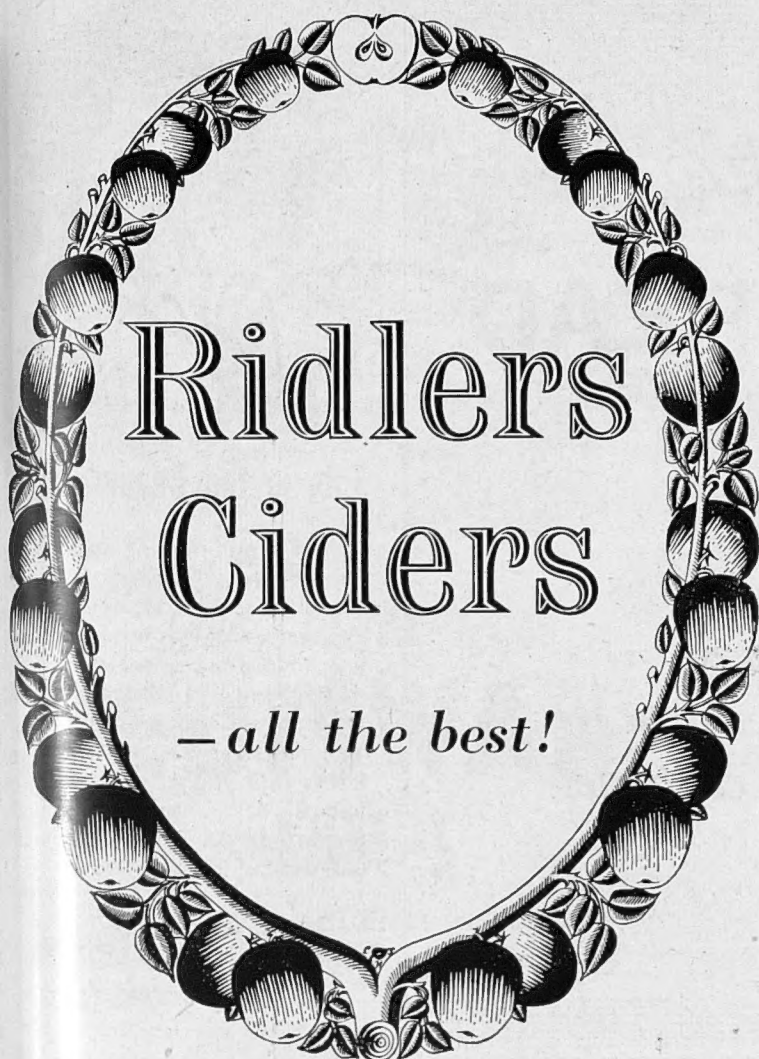


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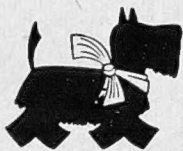
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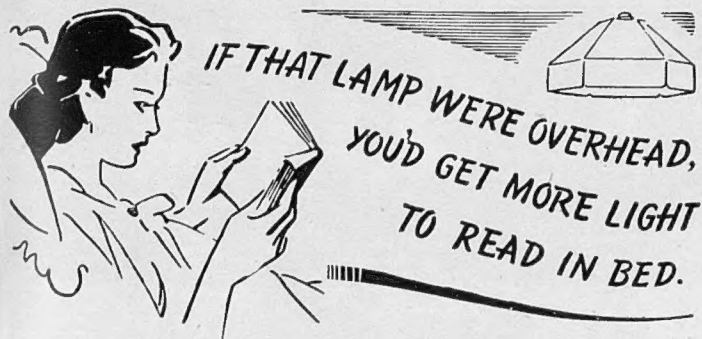
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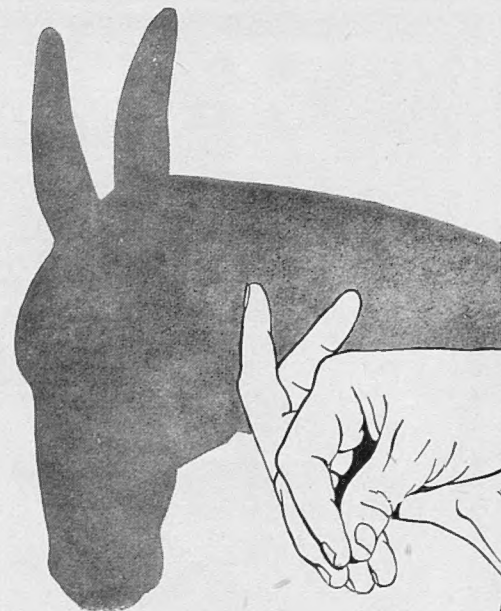
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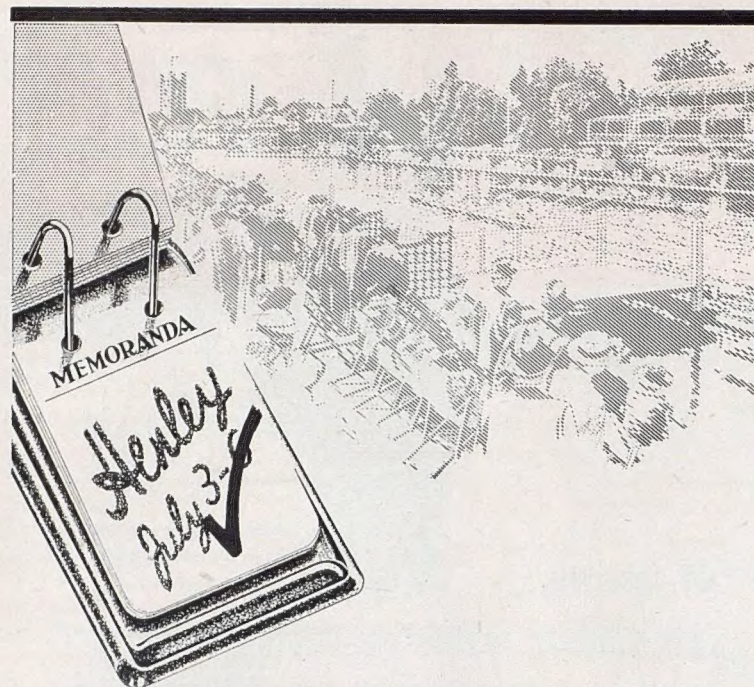
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